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Beauties of Poetry

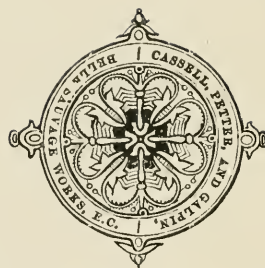
AND
GEMS
OF
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BEAUTIES OF POETRY

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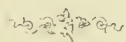
GEMS OF ART.



Beautifuls of Poetry

and

Germs of Art.



POEMS, SONGS, & BALLADS,

ILLUSTRATED BY

English Artists.



LONDON:

CASELL, PETTER, AND GALPIN,

LA BELLE SAUVAGE YARD, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

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THE trumpet has rung on Helvellyn side,
The bugle in Derwent vale;
And a hundred steeds came hurrying fleet,
With a hundred men in mail:
And the gathering cry, and the warning word,
Was, "Fill the quiver and sharpen the sword!"

Sir Roland Graeme.

And away they bound—the mountain deer
Starts at their helmets' flash;
And away they go—the brooks call out
With a hoarse and a murmuring dash:
The foam flung from their steeds as they go
Strews all their track like the drifting snow.

What foe do they chase? for I see no foe;
And yet all spurr'd and gored
Their good steeds fly—say, seek they work
For the fleet hound or the sword?
I see no foe—yet a foe they pursue,
With bow and brand, and horn and halloo.

Sir Richard spurs on his bonnie brown steed,
Sir Walter on his black;
There are a hundred steeds, and each
Has a Selby on his back;
And the meanest man there draws a brand
Has silver spurs and a baron's land.

The Eden is deep in flood—lo! look
How it dashes from bank to bank!
To them it seems but the bonnie green lea,
Or the vale with brackens rank:
They brave the water and breast the banks,
And shake the flood and foam from their flanks.

The winding and haunted Eske is nigh,
With its woodlands wild and green;
“Our steeds are white with foam; shall we wash
Their flanks in the river sheen?”
But their steeds may be doom'd to a sterner task
Before they pass the woodland Eske.

All at once they stoop on their horses' necks,
And utter a long shrill shout,
And bury their spurs in their coursers' flanks,
And pluck their bright blades out;
The spurr'd up turf is scatter'd behind,
For they go as the hawk when he sails with
the wind.

Before them, not far on the liliated lea,
There is a fair youth flying;
And at his side rides a lovely maid,
Oft looking back and sighing;
On his basnet dances the heron's plume,
And fans the maid's cheek all of ripe
rose bloom.

Sir Roland Graeme.

"Now do thy best, my bonny grey steed,
And carry my true-love over,
And thy corn shall be served in a silver dish,
And heap'd and running over—
Oh, bear her safe through dark Eske's fords,
And leave me to cope with her kinsmen's swords!"

Proud look'd the steed, and had braved the flood
Had it foam'd a full mile wider;
Turn'd his head in joy, and his eye seem'd to say,
"I'm proud of my lovely rider:
And though Selbys stood thick as the leaves on the tree,
All scatheless I'd bear thee o'er mountain and lea."

A rushing was heard on the river banks,
Wide rung wood, rock, and linn—
And that instant a hundred horsemen at speed
Came foaming and fearless in.
"Turn back, turn back, thou Scottish loon!
Let us measure our swords 'neath the light of the moon!"

A hundred horsemen leap'd lightly down,
With their silver spurs all ringing,
And drew back, as Sir Richard his good blade bared,
While the signal-trump kept singing:
Sir Roland Graeme down his mantle threw
With a martial smile, and his bright sword drew.

"Now yield thee, Graeme, and give me back
Lord Selby's beauteous daughter;
Else I shall sever thy head and heave't
To thy light love o'er the water."
"My sword is steel, Sir Richard, like thine,
And thy head's as loose on thy neck as mine."

And again their dark eyes flash'd, and again
They closed—on sweet Eske side
The ringdoves sprung from their roosts, for
the blows

Were echoing far and wide:
Sir Richard was stark, and Sir Roland was
strong;

And the combat was fierce, but it lasted
not long,

There's blood upon young Roland's blade,
There's blood on Sir Richard's brand;
There's blood shower'd o'er their weeds of
steel,
And rain'd on the grassy land;
But blood to a warrior's like dew to the
flower—
The combat but wax'd still more deadly
and dour.

Sir Roland Graeme.

A dash was heard in the moonlit Eske,
And up its banks of green

Fair Edith Selby came with a shriek,

And knelt the knights between :

“Oh, spare him, Sir Richard!” she held her white hands,
All spotted with blood, 'neath the merciless brands.

Young Roland look'd down on his true-love and smiled ;

Sir Richard look'd also, and said,

“Curse on them that true-love would sunder!” He sheath'd

With his broad palm his berry-brown blade.

And long may the Selbys, abroad and at home,

Find a friend and a foe like the good gallant Graeme !

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.



MY JEAN.

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonny lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best.
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
And mony a hill between ;
G But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair ;
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air.
There's not a bonnie flower that springs,
By fountain, shaw, or green—
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

Oh, blaw ye westlin winds, blaw saft
Among the leafy trees,
And frae ilk fragrant hill and vale
Bring hame the laden bees ;
And bring the lassie back to me
That's aye sae neat and clean ;
Ae blink o' her wad banish care,
Sae charming is my Jean.

What sighs and vows, among the knowes,
Hae pass'd between us twa !
How fond to meet, how wae to part,
That night she gaed awa !
The powers aboon can only ken,
To whom the heart is seen,
That nane can be sae dear to me
As my sweet, lovely Jean !

BURNS.

THE FISHERMAN'S WIFE.

SHE listens—" 'Tis the wind!" she cries:
The moon, that rose so full and bright,
Is now o'ercast; she looks—she sighs;
She fears 'twill be a stormy night.

Not long was Anna wed; her mate,
A fisherman, was out at sea:
The night is dark, the hour is late,
The wind is high, and where is he?

"Oh, who would love, oh, who would wed
A wandering fisherman, to be
A wretched, lonely wife, and dread
Each breath that blows when he's at sea!"

Not long was Anna wed; one pledge
Of tender love her bosom bore:—
The storm comes down, the billows rage;
His father is not yet on shore.

"Oh, who would think her portion blest,
A wandering seaman's wife to be,
To hug the infant to her breast,
Whose father's on a stormy sea!"

The thunder bursts; the lightning falls;
The casement rattles with the rain;
And as the gusty tempest bawls,
The little cottage quakes again.

She does not speak, she does not sigh,
She gazes on her infant dear;
A smile lights up the cherub's eye,
And dims the mother's with a tear.

"Oh, who would be a seaman's wife!
Oh, who would bear a seaman's child!
To tremble for her husband's life;
To weep because her infant smiled!"

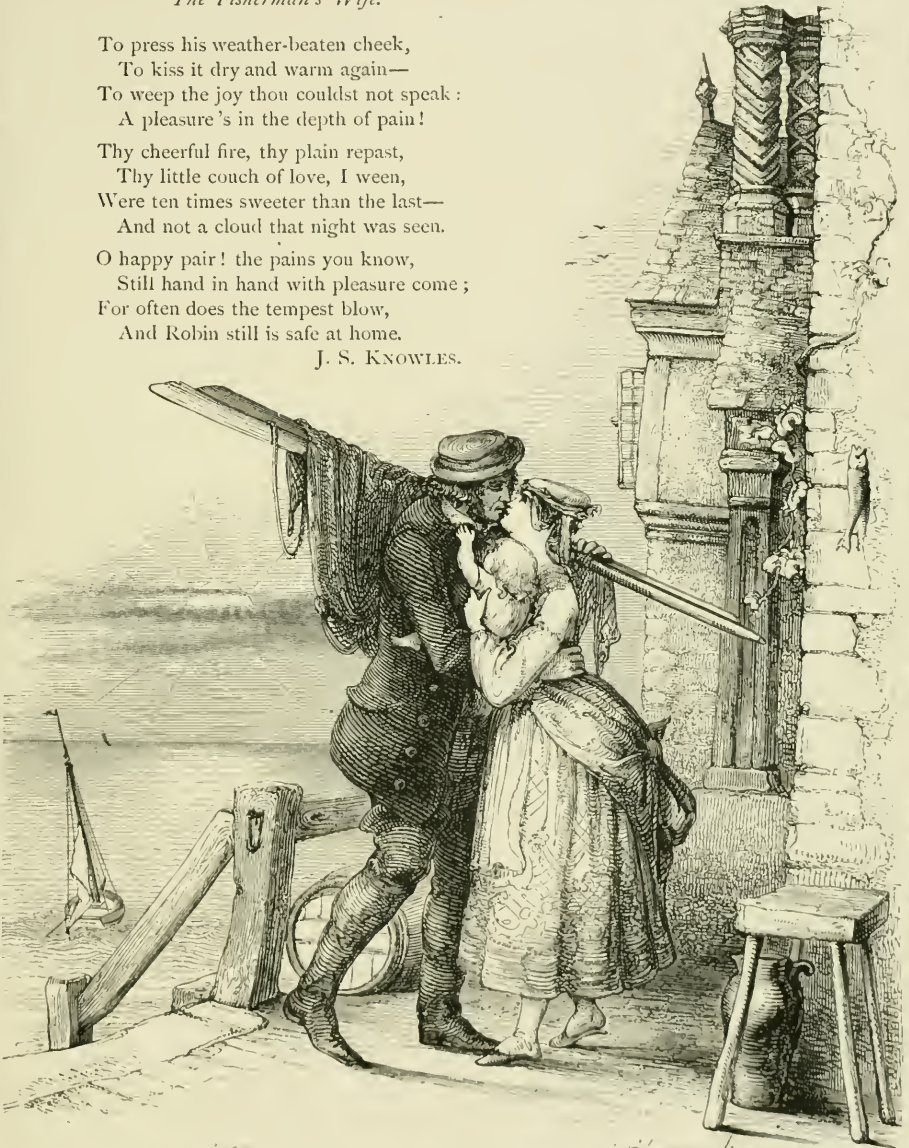
Ne'er hadst thou borne a seaman's boy,
Ne'er had thy husband left the shore,
Thou ne'er hadst felt the frantic joy
To see thy Robin at the door;

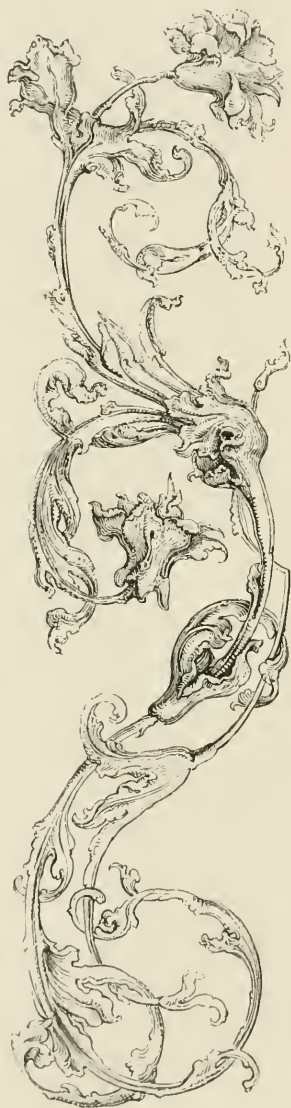


The Fisherman's Wife.

To press his weather-beaten cheek,
To kiss it dry and warm again—
To weep the joy thou couldst not speak :
A pleasure's in the depth of pain !
Thy cheerful fire, thy plain repast,
Thy little couch of love, I ween,
Were ten times sweeter than the last—
And not a cloud that night was seen.
O happy pair ! the pains you know,
Still hand in hand with pleasure come ;
For often does the tempest blow,
And Robin still is safe at home.

J. S. KNOWLES.





TO THE NAUTILUS.

WHERE Ausonian summers glowing
Warm the deep to life and joyance,
And gentle zephyrs nimbly blowing
Wanton with the waves, that flowing
By many a land of ancient glory,
And many an isle renown'd in story,
Leap along with gladsome buoyance, —

There, marinere,
Dost thou appear,
In fairy pinnace flashing,
Through the white foam proudly dashing,
The joyous playmate of the buxom breeze,
The fearless fondling of the mighty seas.

Thou the light sail boldly spreadest,
O'er the furrow'd waters gliding ;
Thou nor wreck nor foeman darest,
Thou nor helm nor compass needest,
While the sun is bright above thee,
While the bounding surges love thee,
In their deepening bosoms hiding ;

Thou canst not fear,
Small marinere ;
For though the tides with restless motion
Bear thee to the desert ocean—
Far as the ocean stretches to the sky,
'Tis all thine own—'tis all thy empery.

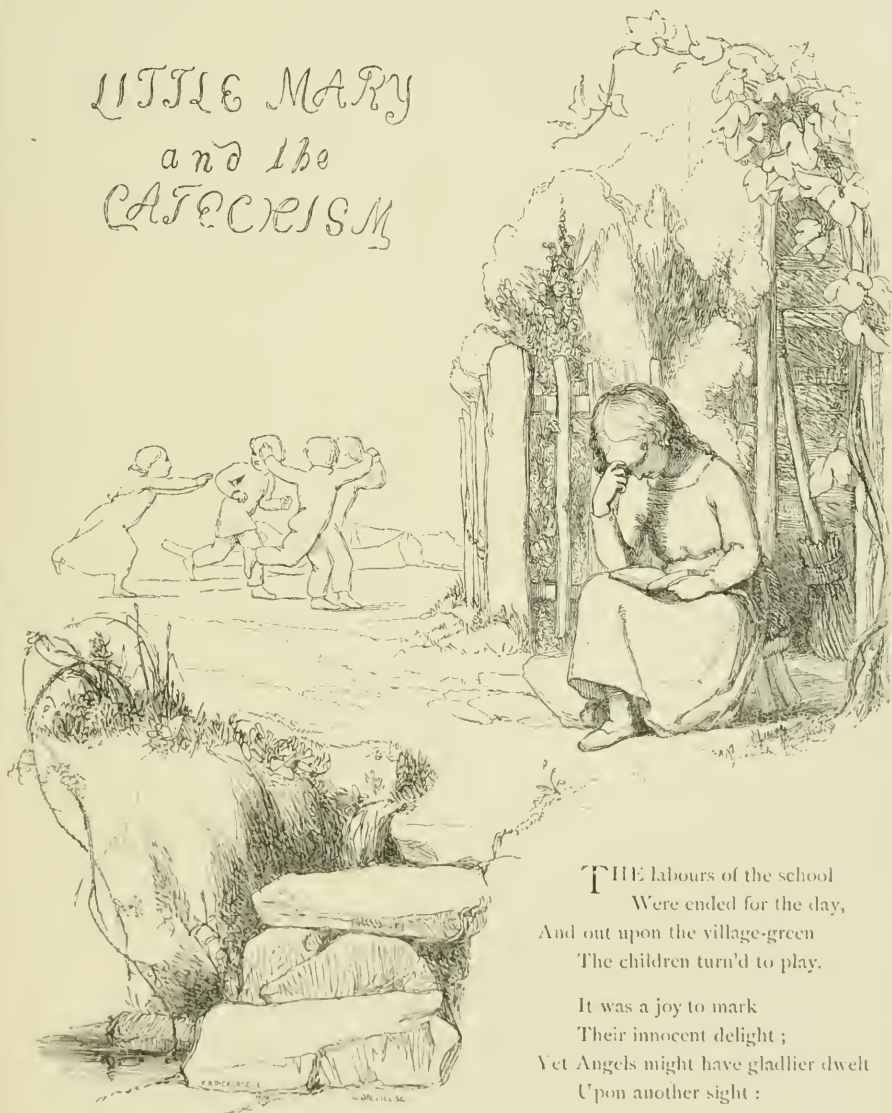
Lame is Art, and her endeavour
Follows Nature's course but slowly ;
Guessing, toiling, seeking ever,
Still improving, perfect never.

Little Nautilus, thou showest
Deeper wisdom than thou knowest :
Love, which man should study lowly,
Bold faith and cheer,

Small marinere,
Are thine within thy pearly dwelling,—
Thine a law of life compelling
Obedience, perfect, simple, glad, and free,
To the great will that animates the sea.

H. COLERIDGE.

LITTLE MARY and the CATECHISM



THE labours of the school
Were ended for the day,
And out upon the village-green
The children turn'd to play.

It was a joy to mark
Their innocent delight ;
Yet Angels might have gladder dwelt
Upon another sight :

Little Mary.

One little maiden sat
Beside a cottage-door,
With book on lap, and brow on hand,
Intent to spell its lore.

Rather than play, she chose
Upon its page to dwell ;
It was her Catechism-book,
That Mary loved so well.

Of Baptism it told,
In words for children meet ;
And, more than all her tasks, she loved
Its answers to repeat.

Though mean her lot on earth,
It told to her was given
A birthright to a fadeless crown,
Inheritor of heaven.

She loved to kneel and say
“ Our Father ” unto God,
Although her earthly father lay
Beneath the churchyard sod.

Her widow'd mother wore
A brow of anxious thought ;
But Mary, with her own glad trust,
To cheer her fondly sought.

To practise all she learn'd,
The little maiden strove ;
And, as her Catechism taught,
To succour, honour, love.

In all a child might do
Her willing aid was lent ;
And like a sunbeam was her smile
Of innocent content.

And now the floor was swept,
The babe in cradle laid,
And, hard at work, beside her child
The careful parent stay'd.

The maiden was not miss'd
Until the infant woke ;
But then, in loud and angry tone,
The toil-worn mother spoke, —

“ Come, Mary, take the child,
And put your book away ;
You go to school, and never think
How hard I work all day.”

“ Oh ! but I do, dear mother,”
The little girl replied,
And up she rose at once and laid
Her treasured book aside.

Little Mary.

And from her parent's brow
The fretful shadow pass'd,
For Mary's cheerful haste forbade
Her angry mood to last.

She took her baby brother,
And kiss'd his forehead fair,
And tended all his little wants
With fondest, gentlest care.

And bless'd in her deed
Was that obedient child,
While on her, in approving joy,
God and good Angels smiled.

SCENES OF CHILDHOOD.





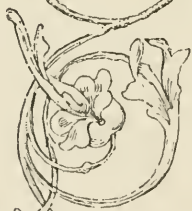
THE VILLAGE SMITHY.



HELTER'D well by friendly mountains,
Wash'd by clear and cooling fountains,
In a nook so still and green,
Lovelier hamlet ne'er was seen.



Overhead, on ridges high,
Old dark pine-trees hide the sky ;
Down below, the stream flows near,
And the air is mild and clear.



House and yard swarm all day long
With a busy bustling throng ;
Ever as the day comes round,
Rings the anvil's restless sound.

And the bright sparks dart and quiver,
And the steely splinters shiver,
And the flood, with thunder-sound,
Flings the ponderous mill-wheel round.

Earthly cares shall not molest,
In this vale, my peaceful breast ;
Joy within my heart shall dwell,
As a pure, untroubled well.

Shaded by the whispering trees,
Will I woo the dreamy breeze ;
Mountain, vale, and murmuring rill,
With deep peace my heart shall fill.

KÖRNER.



OLD FATHER MARTIN.

FULL six and eighty years had sped
 O'er Father Martin's honour'd head ;
 Bent o'er his staff, with feeble feet,
 He totter'd down the village street ;
 The heavy snows of age did bow
 Nigh to the grave his furrow'd brow.

Loved in the town by great and small,
 Old Martin was the joy of all ;
 To him the brightest wreath would come
 At marriage-dance or harvest-home ;
 For Martin was so mild and good,
 And never scorn'd a cheerful mood.

Old Father Martin.

Now husking came : in dance and song
The night went merrily along ;
And there were gather'd great and small,
And sang and sprang by moonlight all.
But Father Martin stole away
To where his kinsmen's tombstones lay.

The night was fair ; a quivering breeze
Crept softly through the churchyard trees,
And murmur'd with a gentle breath
O'er the dew-spangled rose beneath,
Which, planted by the hand of love,
Bloom'd fresh a new-made grave above.

Old Father Martin heaved a sigh,
Look'd upward to the starry sky,
Fell on the grave where Anna slept,
Pour'd out this fervent prayer, and wept :—
“ Soothe, gracious God, this broken heart,
And let old Martin too depart !

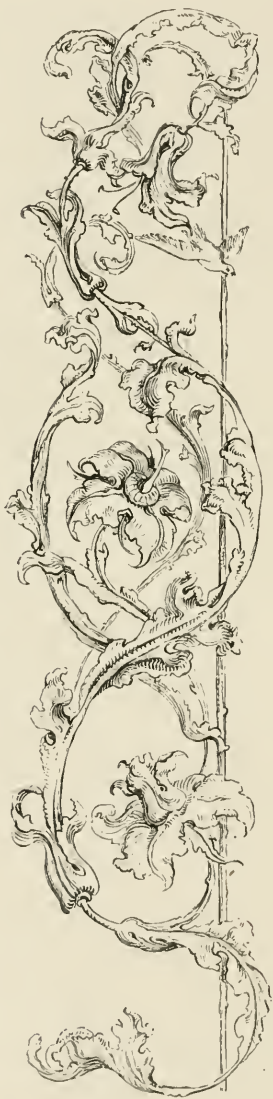
“ My friends and neighbours all are gone,
And I am left to roam alone,
Weary and lonesome here below—
O God ! that I might also go !
My day is o'er ; the night is near ;
Why, Father, should I linger here ?

“ Ah, I am very weak and old ;
My joys are fled, my heart is cold,
My trembling head is silver'd o'er—
Lord, can an old man serve Thee more ?
Oh, let me now in peace depart ;
Lay in the earth this weary heart !”

And Martin's prayer came to the ears
Of the great Ruler of the spheres ;
He sent his good death-angel down
Kindly the old man's prayer to crown,
To take his pilgrim's staff away,
And in the grave him softly lay.

The angel whisper'd peace and cheer
In holy Father Martin's ear ;
Near him in robes of light did stand,
And offer'd him his cold, cold hand.
“ Kiss me !” the expectant angel cried ;
Old Martin gave the kiss, and died !

MAHLMANN.



HABITS.

REEF after reef upon its ocean-bed
The coral branches forth, and lifts its head,
More and more spreads around its woodland caves,
Emerging like a palace from the waves,
Hardening and reddening in each growing cell,
Fit haunt for fabled spirit there to dwell;—
Fair-roof'd abodes, crystalline cells and floors,
Where shells and living things, old Ocean's stores,
Take varied hues, and put on mail'd form,
Gathering their strength and beauty from the storm.
And yet the while it hath no root on earth,
But feeds on air and sea, from whence its birth.
Thus *habits* mould the soul to be a place
Wherein may dwell forms of immortal grace;
While thoughts and tempers in the spirit's shrine
Grow into shape, and take the life divine;—
Born and upraised from the baptismal sea,
And drinking heaven—elastic, stainless, free.

Branch after branch the banyan-tree gives birth
To daughter-arms, that downward seek the earth,
Whose envious branches make a mid-day gloom,
And hide the sun;—dim, silent as the tomb,
A life-destroying, gloom-embowering cave,
A temple for dark spirits of the grave.
Thus evil habits wreath their snakes around
With elephantine trunks, that love the ground,
And form a sullen shield against the sky,
Hiding from all the soul heaven's genial eye;
Where sinful passions brood, and range the shade,
And hide them in the gloom themselves have made.

REV. I. WILLIAMS.



ON THE DEATH OF THE BRAVE.

HOW sleep the brave, who sink to rest
 By all their country's wishes blest !
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.



By fairy hands their knell is rung,
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
 There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
 And Freedom shall awhile repair
 To dwell a weeping hermit there.

COLLINS.





THE POOR MAN'S SONG.

POOR man's lot, please Heaven, is mine;
I roam the world alone;
And, could I only not repine,
The world were all mine own.
Once in my parents' house I play'd,
A joyous, thoughtless boy;
But since those friends in dust were laid,
I've felt no ray of joy.

I see the rich man's garden shine,
The golden harvest glow;
Alas! the barren road is mine,
Where toil and sorrow go.
And yet, while thus I journey on
Amid the joyous throng,
And *wish* good day to every one,
Though grief hath seal'd my tongue, —

My bounteous God, how can I say
I wander joyless here,
When Thou hast strew'd the world's highway
With blessings all so dear?
Doth not each lowliest hamlet rear
A holy house to Thee;
Where organ-peal greets *every* ear,
And choral melody?

Sun, moon, and stars, with their mild glow,
Smile not the less on me;
And when the evening-bell peals low,
Then, Lord, I speak with Thee.
And when, at length, each worthy guest
Shall to Thy courts repair,
Then, in the wedding-garment drest,
I too Thy feast may share.

UHLAND.



SMILES ON A SWALLOW.

TIS like the soul ; 'tis like a friend ;
 Like bliss, our being's aim and end ;
 Like life and wealth, like blindness too ;
 But most of all, 'tis like to you.
 A swallow's like the soul, I say ;
 For why ?—its tenement is clay.
 And life, that busy, bustling thing,—
 Life, like the bird, is on the wing.
 Riches, 'tis like ; for surely they
 Have also wings, and fly away.
 When flatterers fawn to gain their ends,
 What are they but fair-weather friends ?
 The blind,—the proverb tells you why,—
 The blind, you know, catch many a fly.
 For happiness, 'twere easy now
 To find a rhyme and reason too ;
 But spare the Muse one honest line
 To paint the lot she wishes thine.
 When shadowy forms may please awhile,
 Pleasure may court, or pomp beguile ;
 But lasting bliss, search where you will,
 Builds in the chimney-corner still.
 All this, it seems, is very plain ;
 But why like Ellen ?—try again.
 Can she, who blesses all at home,
 In foreign climes delight to roam ?
 Can she, who loves the rural cell,
 In smoke and soot delight to dwell ?—
 Peace with your queries, friend ; I trust
 The likeness still you'll own is just.
 In that sweet month when Nature's hand
 Perfumes the air, and paints the land,
 While ling'ring blights our hopes betray,
 And winter checks the pride of May,
 Let but the swallow-tribe appear,
 And summer instant follows there.
 So when dark clouds deform the sky,
 Who minds the clouds when Ellen's by ?
 The wintry blast unheeded blows,
 And summer smiles where'er she goes.

ANON.



TO AUTUMN.

SEASON of mist and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun!
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd-cottage trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel-shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more
And still more later flower for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For summer has o'erbrimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary-floor,
Thy hair soft lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or, on a half-reap'd furrow, sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fumes of poppies, while thy hook
Spare the next swath, and all its twin'd flowers;
And sometimes, like a gleaner, thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or, by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue:
Then, in a wailful choir, the small gnats mourn
Among the river shallows, borne aloft,
Or sinking, as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now, with treble soft,
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

KEATS.





THE BUCKET.

HOW dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
 When fond recollection presents them to view!
 The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood,
 And every loved spot which my infancy knew ;
 The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
 The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell ;
 The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
 And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well !
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
 The moss-cover'd bucket, which hung in the well.

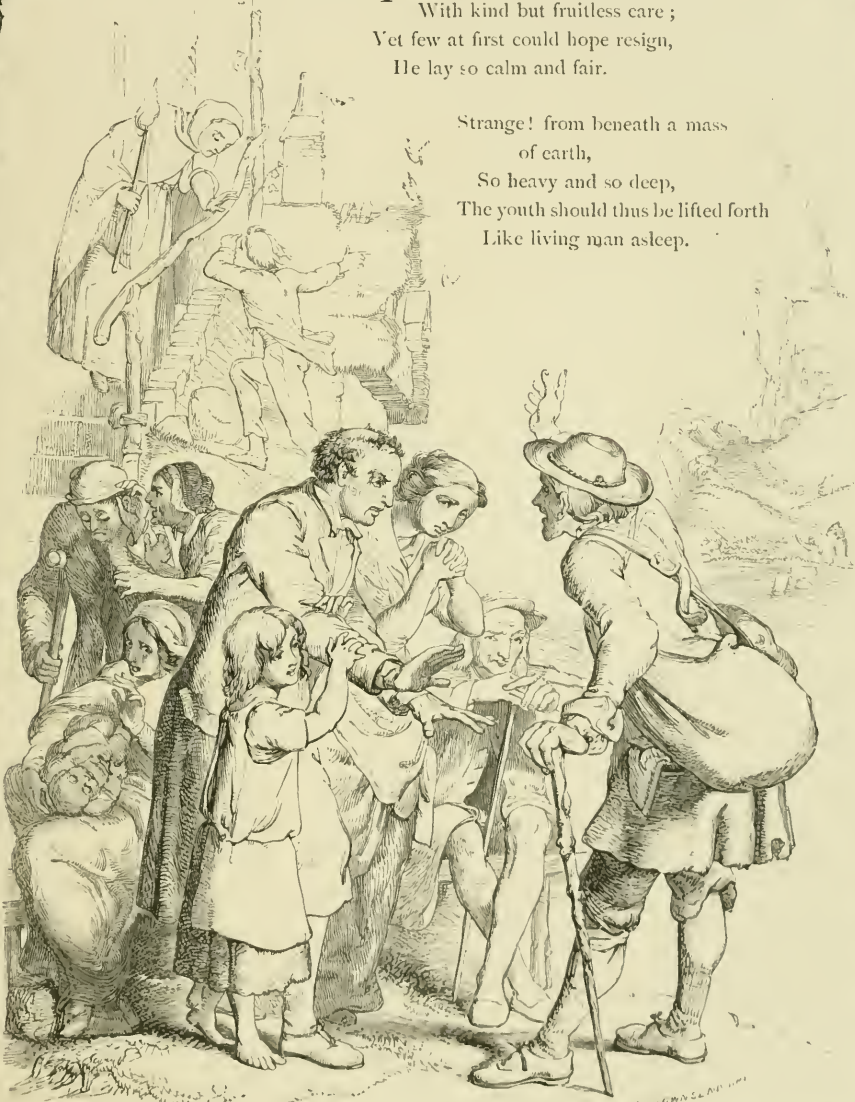
That moss-cover'd vessel I hail as a treasure ;
 For often, at noon, when return'd from the field,
 I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
 The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
 How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
 And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell ;
 Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
 And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well ;
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
 The moss-cover'd bucket arose from the well.

WOODWORTH.

THE MINER.

THEY brought him from the dusky mine
With kind but fruitless care ;
Yet few at first could hope resign,
He lay so calm and fair.

Strange! from beneath a mass
Of earth,
So heavy and so deep,
The youth should thus be lifted forth
Like living man asleep.



The Miner.

None knew the face, yet was it fair,
Not twenty summers old ;
Around the snowy brow the hair
Fell thick in curls of gold.

That earth from taint of all decay
Mortality can screen ;
And who might guess how many a day
The body there had been ?

The crowding miners gather'd round ---
Their garb the stripling wore ---
But of them all could none be found
Had seen that face before.

Soon every village wife and maid
Amid the tumult press'd,
Each trembling lest the comely dead
Were him she loved the best.

His was no form to be pass'd by,
No face to be forgot,
Yet of that thronging company
All own'd they knew him not.

"The spirits of the mine with ease
Can varying shapes assume ;
This form may harbour one of these ---
No tenant of the tomb."

All scatter'd back, a shapeless dread
Turn'd every heart to stone :
'Mid a wide circle lay the dead,
In beauty, all alone.

The Miner.

When, peering through the fearful crowd,
A wrinkled woman old
Crept slowly forth, and scream'd aloud
That visage to behold.

The grief in memory fondly nursed
For threescore years in vain,
From its long numbing torpor burst
To passion's thrill again.

She was his love! Oh! contrast strange
In years, in form, in limb!
Life hath on her wrought drearier change
Than death has brought on him.

The pitying crowd was moved to ruth,
All felt the sight appalling,
The bitter burning tears of youth
From such old eyelids falling.

"Is this the meeting," she exclaim'd,
"I sought of Heaven so long?
The prayer that night and morn I framed?
Oh, could the wish be wrong?"

"For threescore years of living death
I've held a fearful strife;
At times mistrusting of thy faith,
At others of thy life.

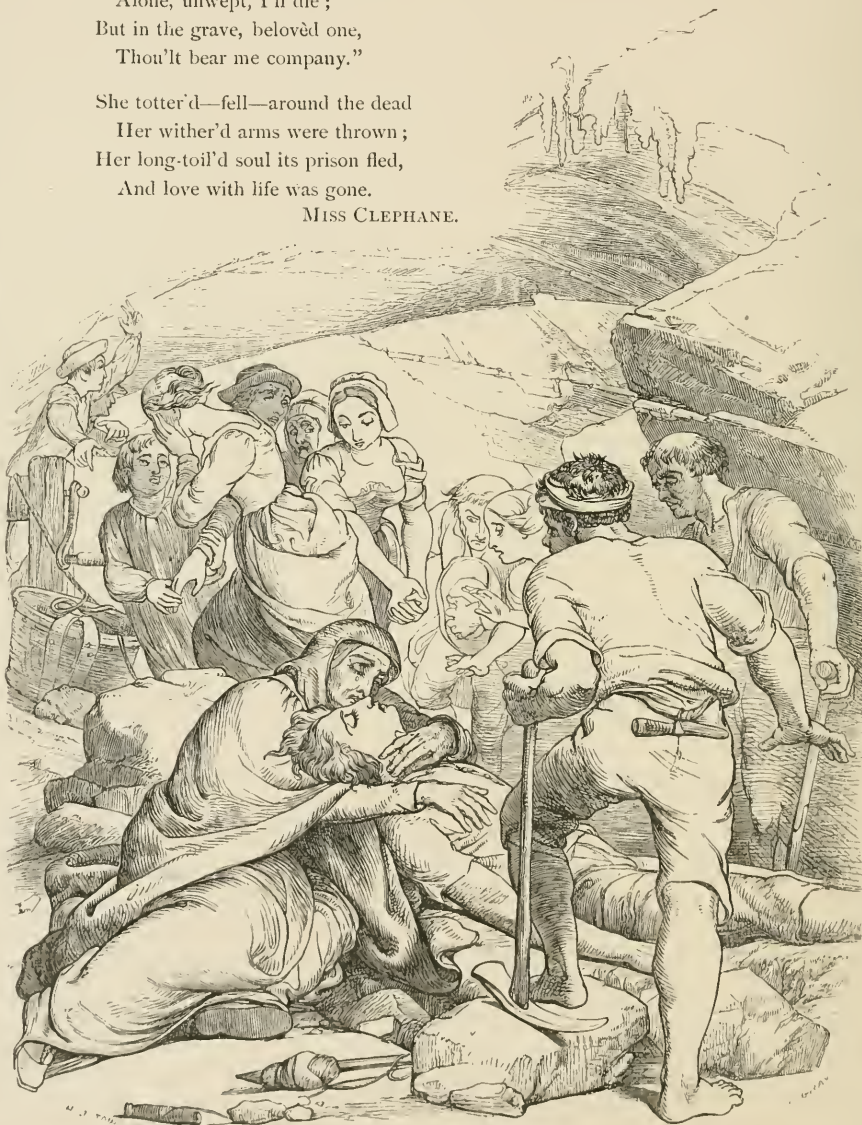
"I have grown old 'mid woes and fears,
Thou'st slept in youth the while;
My cheeks are seam'd with age and tears,
Thou wear'st thine own sweet smile.

The Miner.

“I’ve borne the load of life alone,
Alone, unwept, I’ll die ;
But in the grave, beloved one,
Thou’lt bear me company.”

She totter’d—fell—around the dead
Her wither’d arms were thrown ;
Her long-toil’d soul its prison fled,
And love with life was gone.

MISS CLEPHANE.



THE RINGERS OF LANCELL'S TOWER.

[THEY RANG AT THE ACCESSION OF GEORGE III., AND ALL LIVED TO RING
AGAIN ON THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS REIGN.]

THEY meet once more, that ancient band,
With furrow'd cheek and failing hand :
One peal to-day they fain would ring—
The jubilee of England's King !

They meet once more : but where are now
The sinewy arm, the laughing brow,
The strength that hail'd, in happier times,
King George the Third with lusty chimes ?

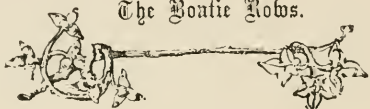
Yet proudly gaze on that lone tower—
No goodlier sight hath hall or bower ;
Meekly they strive, and closing day
Gilds with soft light their locks of gray.

Hark—proudly hark ! with that true tone
They welcomed him to land and throne ;
So ere they die, they fain would ring
The jubilee of England's King

Hearts of old Cornwall, fare ye well ;
Fast fade such scenes from field and dell ;
How wilt thou lack, my own dear land,
Those trusty arms, that faithful band !

REV. R. S. HAWKER.

The Bonnie Bows.

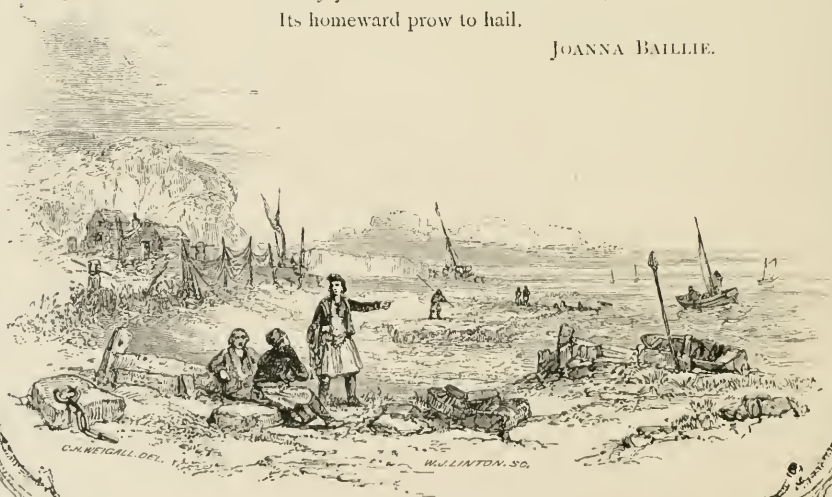


O SWIFTLY glides the bonnie boat,
 Just parted from the shore;
 And to the fisher's chorus-note
 Soft moves the dipping oar.
 His toils are borne with happy cheer;
 And ever may they speed,
 That feeble age, and helpmate dear,
 And tender bairnies feed!

We cast our lines in Largo bay,
 Our nets are floating wide;
 Our bonnie boat, with yielding sway,
 Rocks lightly on the tide.
 And happy proves our daily lot
 Upon the summer sea;
 And bless'd on land our kindly cot,
 Where all our treasures be.

The mermaid on her rock may sing,
 The witch may weave her charm;
 Nor water-sprite, nor eldrich thing,
 The bonnie boat can harm.
 It safely bears its scaly store
 Through many a stormy gale,
 While joyful shouts rise from the shore,
 Its homeward prow to hail.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

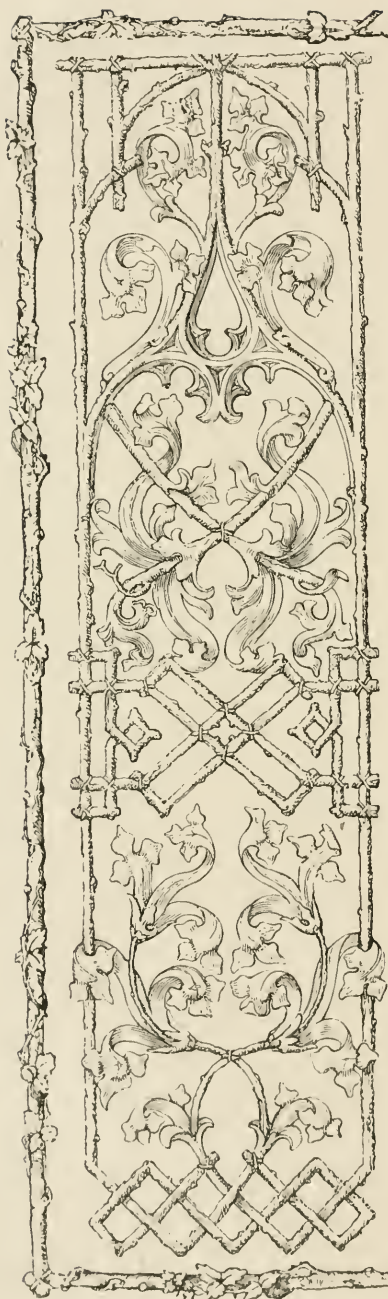




I.

FROM Flodden ridge

The Scots beheld the English host
 Leave Barnmore-wood, their evening post,
 And heedful watch'd them as they cross'd
 The Till by Twisel Bridge.
 High sight it is, and haughty, while
 They dive into the deep defile ;



The Battle of Flodden.

Beneath the cavern'd cliff they fall,
Beneath the castle's airy wall,
By rock, by oak, by hawthorn tree,
Troop after troop are disappearing;
Troop after troop their banners rearing,
Upon the eastern bank you see.
Still pouring down the rocky den,
Where flows the sullen Till,
And rising from the dim wood glen,
Standards on standards, men on men,
In slow succession still,
And sweeping o'er the Gothic arch,
And pressing on, in ceaseless march,
To gain the opposing hill.
That morn, to many a trumpet-clang,
Twisel! thy rocks' deep echo rang;
And many a chief of birth and rank,
Saint Helen! at thy fountain drank.
Thy hawthorn glade, which now we see
In spring-time bloom so lavishly,
Had then from many an axe its doom,
To give the marching columns room.

11.

And why stands Scotland idly now,
Dark Flodden! on thy airy brow,
Since England gains the pass the while,
And struggles through the deep defile?
What checks the fiery soul of James?
Why sits that champion of the Dames
Inactive on his steed,
And sees, between him and his land,
Between him and Tweed's southern strand,
His host Lord Surrey lead?
What veils the vain knight-errant's brand?—
O Douglas, for thy leading wand!
Fierce Randolph, for thy speed!
Oh, for one hour of Wallace wight,
Or well-skill'd Bruce, to rule the fight,
And cry—"Saint Andrew and our right!"

The Battle of Flodden.

Another sight had seen that morn,
From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,
And Flodden had been Bannockbourne!—
The precious hour has pass'd in vain,
And England's host has gain'd the plain;
Wheeling their march, and circling still
Around the base of Flodden-hill.

III.

Ere yet the bands met Marmion's eye,
Fitz-Eustace shouted loud and high,—
“Hark! hark! my lord, an English drum!
And see, ascending squadrons come
Between Tweed's river and the hill,
Foot, horse, and cannon:—hap what hap,
My basnet to a 'prentice cap,
Lord Surrey's o'er the Till!—
Yet more!—yet more!—how fair array'd
They file from out the hawthorn shade,
And sweep so gallant by!
With all their banners bravely spread,
And all their armour flashing high,
Saint George might waken from the dead,
To see fair England's standards fly.”
“Stint in thy prate,” quoth Blount, “thou'dst
best,
And listen to our lord's behest.”
With kindling brow Lord Marmion said,—
“This instant be our band array'd;
The river must be quickly cross'd,
That we may join Lord Surrey's host.
If fight King James—as well I trust,
That fight he will, and fight he must,—
The Lady Clare behind our lines
Shall tarry, while the battle joins.”

IV.

Blount and Fitz-Eustace rested still
With Lady Clare upon the hill;



The Battle of Flodden.

On which (for far the day was spent)
The western sunbeams now were bent.
The cry they heard, its meaning knew,
Could plain their distant comrades view :
Sadly to Blount did Eustace say,
“ Unworthy office here to stay !
No hope of gilded spurs to-day.
But see ! look up—on Flodden bent,
The Scottish foe has fired his tent.”

And sudden, as he spoke,
From the sharp ridges of the hill,
All downward to the banks of Till,

Was wreath'd in sable smoke ;
Volumed and vast, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,

As down the hill they broke ;
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
Announced their march ; their tread alone,
At times one warning trumpet blown,

At times a stifled hum,
Told England, from his mountain-throne
King James did rushing come.
Scarce could they hear or see their foes
Until at weapon-point they close :
They close, in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust ;

And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,

And fiends in upper air.
Long look'd the anxious squires : their eye
Could in the darkness nought descry.

V.

At length the freshening western blast
Aside the shroud of battle cast ;
And, first, the ridge of mingled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears ;
And in the smoke the pennons flew,

The Battle of Flodden.

As in the storm the white sea-mew,
Then mark'd they, dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war,
And plum'd crests of chieftains brave,
Floating like foam upon the wave,

But nought distinct they see :
Wide raged the battle on the plain ;
Spears shook, and falchions flash'd amain ;
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain ;
Crests rose, and stoop'd, and rose again,
Wild and disorderly.

Amid the scene of tumult, high
They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly :
And stainless Tunstall's banner white,
And Edmund Howard's lion bright,
Still bear them bravely in the fight ;

Although against them come,
Of gallant Gordons many a one,
And many a stubborn Highlandman,
And many a rugged Border clan,
With Huntly, and with Home.

VI.

Far on the left, unseen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle ;
Though there the western mountaineer
Rush'd with bare bosom on the spear,
And flung the feeble targe aside,
And with both hands the broad-sword plied :
'Twas vain. — But Fortune, on the right,
With fickle smile, cheer'd Scotland's fight.
Then fell that spotless banner white,

The Howard's lion fell ;
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
Around the battle-yell.

The Border slogan rent the sky !
A Home ! a Gordon ! was the cry ;
Loud were the clanging blows ;



The Battle of Flodden.

Advanced,—forced back,—now low, now high,

The pennon sunk and rose ;

As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,

It waver'd mid the foes.

No longer Blount the view could bear :—

“ By heaven, and all its saints ! I swear

I will not see it lost !

Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare

May bid your beads, and patter prayer, —

I gallop to the host.”

And to the fray he rode amain,

Follow'd by all the archer train,

The fiery youth, with desperate charge,

Made for a space an opening large, —

The rescued banner rose, —

But darkly closed the war around,

Like pine-tree, rooted from the ground,

It sunk among the foes.

Then Eustace mounted too ;—yet stay'd,

As loath to leave the helpless maid,

When, fast as shaft can fly,

Bloodshot his eyes, his nostrils spread,

The loose rein dangling from his head,

Housing and saddle bloody red,

Lord Marmion's steed rush'd by ;

And Eustace, maddening at the sight,

A look and sign to Clara cast,

To mark he would return in haste,

Then plunged into the fight.

.

VII.

By this, though deep the evening fell,

Still rose the battle's deadly swell.

For still the Scots, around their king,



The Battle of Flodden.

Unbroken, fought in desperate ring,
Where's now their victor vaward wing,
Where Huntley and where Home?—
Oh, for a blast of that dread horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
That to King Charles did come,
When Rowland brave, and Olivier,
And every paladin and peer,
On Roncesvalles died!
Such blast might warn them, not in vain,
To quit the plunder of the slain,
And turn the doubtful day again,
While yet on Flodden side,
Afar, the royal standard flies,
And round it toils, and bleeds, and dies,
Our Caledonian pride!
In vain the wish; for far away,
While spoil and havoc mark their way,
Near Sibyl's Cross the plunderers stray.

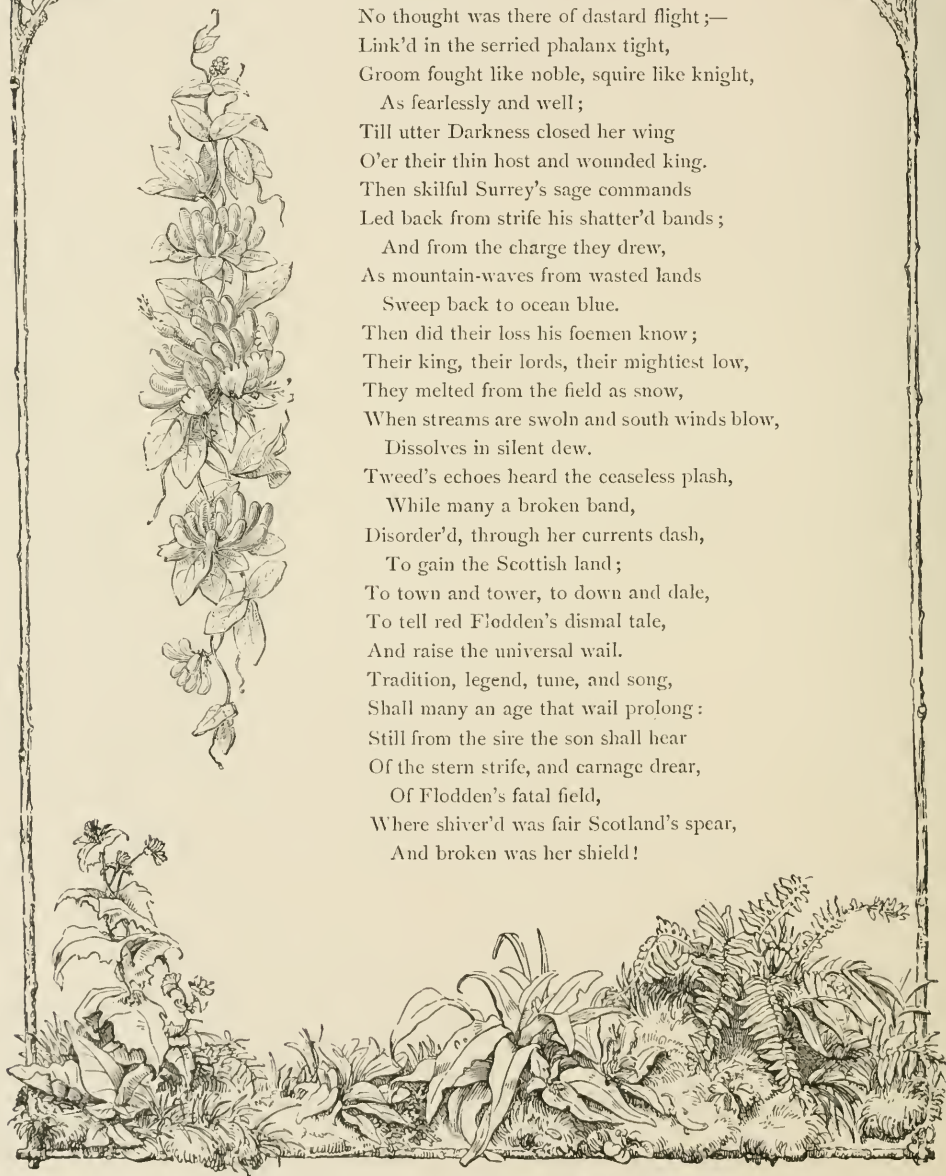
VIII.

More desperate grew the strife of death.
The English shafts in volleys hail'd,
In headlong charge their horse assail'd;
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep,
To break the Scottish circle deep,
That fought around their king.
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,
Unbroken was the ring;
The stubborn spear-men still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,



The Battle of Flodden.

The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight ;—
Link'd in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well ;
Till utter Darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded king.
Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shatter'd bands ;
And from the charge they drew,
As mountain-waves from wasted lands
Sweep back to ocean blue.
Then did their loss his foemen know ;
Their king, their lords, their mightiest low,
They melted from the field as snow,
When streams are swoln and south winds blow,
Dissolves in silent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
While many a broken band,
Disorder'd, through her currents dash,
To gain the Scottish land ;
To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.
Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
Shall many an age that wail prolong :
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shiver'd was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield !



The Battle of Flodden.

IX.

Day dawns upon the mountain's side :—
There, Scotland! lay thy bravest pride,
Chiefs, knights, and nobles, many a one;
The sad survivors all are gone.—
View not that corpse mistrustfully,
Defaced and mangled though it be;
Nor to yon Border castle high
Look northward with upbraiding eye;
Nor cherish hope in vain,
That, journeying far on foreign strand,
The royal pilgrim to his land
May yet return again.
He saw the wreck his rashness wrought;
Reckless of life, he desperate fought,
And fell on Flodden plain:
And well in death his trusty brand,
Firm clench'd within his manly hand,
Beseeem'd the monarch slain.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.





Lucy's Flittin'.

'T WAS when the wan leaf frae the birk-tree was fa'in',
 And Martinmas dowie had wound up the year,
 That Lucy row'd up her wee kist wi' her a' in't,
 And left her auld maister and neebours sae dear :

For Lucy had served i' the glen a' the simmer ;
 She cam there afore the flower blumed on the pea :
 An orphan was she, and they had been gude to her ;
 Sure that was the thing brought the tear to her ee.

Lucy's Flittin'.

She gaed by the stable where Jamie was stannin';
Right sair was his kind heart the flittin' to see:
"Fare ye weel, Lucy!" quo' Jamie, and ran in,
The gatherin' tears trickled fast frae his ee.

As down the burn-side she gaed slow wi' her flittin',
"Fare ye weel, Lucy!" was ilka bird's sang;
She heard the crow sayin' t high on the tree sittin',
And Robin was chirpin' t the brown leaves amang.

"Oh, what is't that pits my puir heart in a flutter?
And what gars the tears come sae fast to my ee?
If I wasna ettled to be ony better,
Then what gars me wish ony better to be?"

"I'm just like a lammie that loses its mither,
Nae mither or friend the puir lammie can see;
I fear I hae tint my puir heart a' thegither,
Nae wonder the tear fa's sae fast frae my ee.

"Wi' the rest o' my claes I hae row'd up the ribbon,
The bonnie blue ribbon that Jamie gae me;
Yestreen, when he gae me 't, and saw I was sabbin',
I'll never forget the wae blink o' his ee.

"Tho' now he said naething but 'Fare ye weel, Lucy!'
It made me I neither could speak, hear, nor see:
He could nae say mair but just 'Fare ye weel, Lucy,'
Yet that I will mind till the day that I dee."

W. LAIDLAW.



THE PASSAGE.

MANY a year is in its grave
Since I cross'd this restless wave ;
And the evening, fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

Then in this same boat beside
Sat two comrades old and tried ;
One with all a father's truth,
One with all the fire of youth.

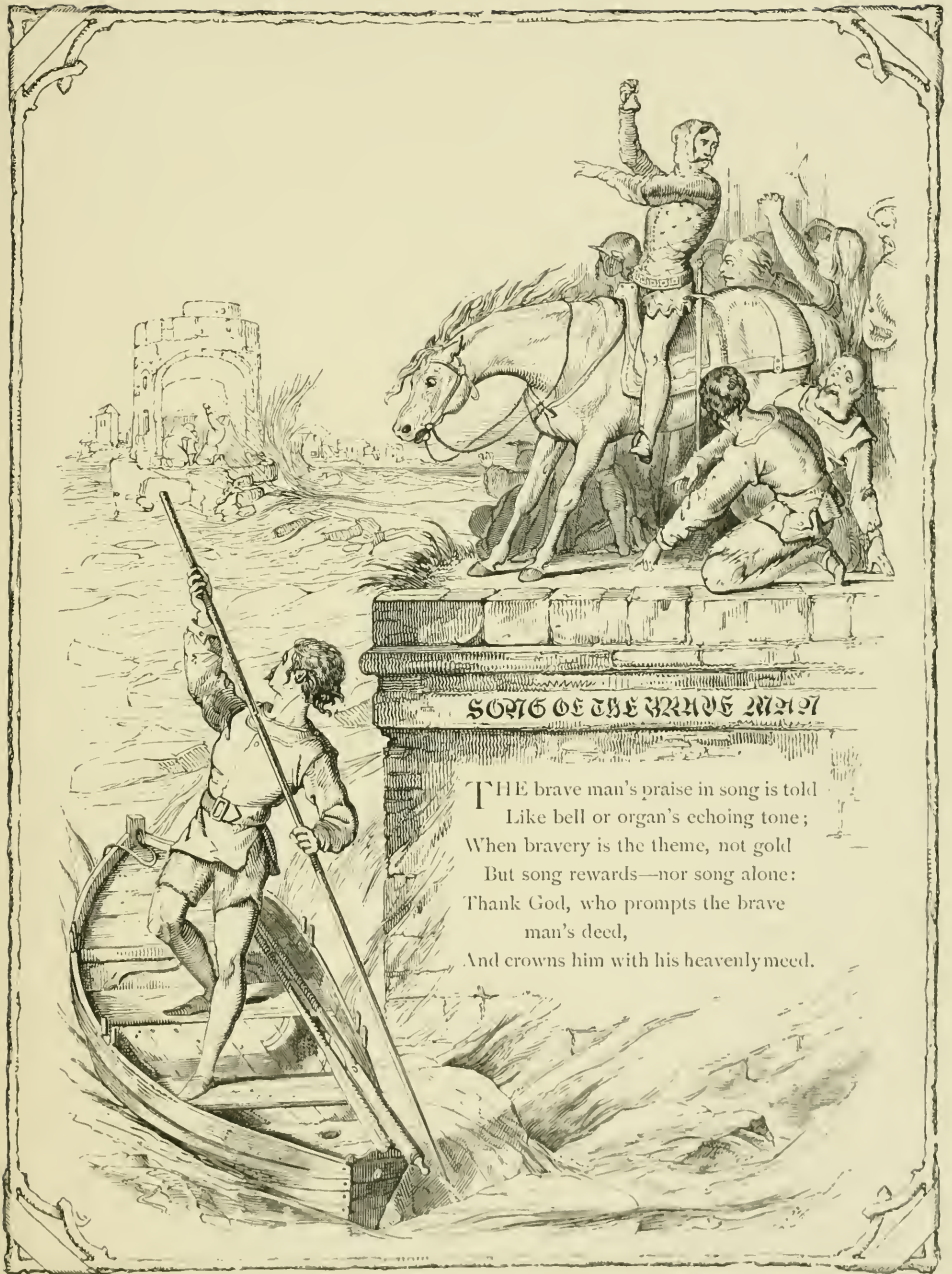
One on earth in silence wrought,
And his grave in silence sought ;
But the younger, brighter form
Pass'd in battle and in storm.

So, whene'er I turn my eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,
Friends that closed their days before me.

But what binds us friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend ?
Soul-like were those hours of yore ;
Let us walk in soul once more.

Take, oh, boatman, thrice thy fee ;
Take, I give it willingly ;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have cross'd with me.

UHLAND.



SONG OF THE BRAVE MAN

THE brave man's praise in song is told
Like bell or organ's echoing tone;
When bravery is the theme, not gold
But song rewards—nor song alone:
Thank God, who prompts the brave
man's deed,
And crowns him with his heavenly meed.



Song of the Brave Man.

The spring-gale swept the southern sea,
And moist o'er fair Italia pass'd ;
As from the wolf the cattle flee,
So fled the clouds before the blast ;
It pierced the wood, it scoured the field,
And floods long froze before it yield.

On mountain summits melts the snow,
And countless cataracts resound ;
An ocean whelms the vales below ;
The gathering stream o'erleaps the mound ;
High dash the waves on every side,
And fearful icebergs choke the tide.

On arch and pillar rear'd, and made
Of solid stone, above the flood
A bridge across the stream was laid,
And midway rose a small abode ;
Here lived a tollman, child, and wife ;
Oh, tollman, tollman, fly for life !

The tempest now more fiercely rang ;
Near and more near its tumult howl'd.
Upon his roof the tollman sprang,
And gazed upon it as it scowl'd :
Oh, gracious God, have pity now —
Who, who can hear and save but Thou ?

The icebergs meet, and wildly crash
From either shore, now here, now there ;
On every side the waters dash,
And down both arch and pillar tear.
The trembling tollman, child, and wife,
Shriek'd louder than the tempest's strife.

The icebergs thunder'd, fall on fall,
In uproar wild along the shore ;
They burst the bridge's shatter'd wall,
Pillar by pillar down they bore :
The havoc onward made its way —
"Have mercy, Heaven !" they louder pray.

Aloft, upon the farther brink,
A crowd stands gazing, great and small ;
They scream and wring their hands, but shrink
To risk the rescue, one and all.

Song of the Brave Man.

The trembling tollman, child, and wife,
Above the tempest shriek'd for life.

When should resound the brave man's fame
Loudly than bell or organ's tone?
In noblest song we'll give his name,
And place it there, aloft, alone.

Destruction is within a span;
Come to the rescue, thou brave man!

A count of noble race and worth
Up gallops on his courser bold.
What in his hand is proffer'd forth?
A purse brimfull of dazzling gold.

Two hundred pieces are his prize
Who now to help the wretched flies!

Where's the brave man will strive to save?
Is it the count, my song?—Oh, no!

Although the generous count is brave,
A braver on this task must go.
Come forth, brave man, advance with speed;
Impending ruin speaks thy need.

Higher and higher swells the flood,
Loudly and loudly roars the wind,
Colder and chiller grows the blood:
Oh, where shall we a saviour find?
Pillar on pillar, arch and wall,
In quick succession crash and fall.

Halloo! halloo! oh, who will fly?
The count the tempting prize uprears.
They hear, they shudder, and they sigh;
But among thousands none appears:
In vain the tollman, child, and wife,
Above the tempest shriek for life.

But see! a humble peasant now
Starts forth, the noble deed to dare;
Noble and lofty is his brow,
Although his garb is coarse and bare;
He heard the boon proclaim'd anew,
And saw how near destruction drew.



Song of the Brave Man.

And boldly in the name of God,
He leapt into a fishing bark,
And o'er the waves triumphant rode
Through whirlpool, storm, and billow dark ;
But, ah ! the boat is far too small
At once to bear and save them all.

But thrice through gulfs he toil'd along
That might the stoutest heart appal ;
And thrice, with manly sinews strong,
Row'd happily to save them all ;
And scarcely were they safe and well,
When the last tottering ruin fell.

Who is the brave man ?—who is he ?
Say on, my song, his name unfold.
And did he risk his life to be
The master of that glittering gold ?
Had the proud count ne'er showed the boon,
Would he have risk'd his life as soon ?

“ Here,” cried the count, “ bold-hearted friend,
Receive the prize, now thine to share,
And nobly earn'd ! ” But list the end.
The count a lofty soul might bear,
But higher feelings swell'd the breast
Of the brave man so meanly drest.

“ My life,” he said, “ shall ne'er be sold
For sordid pelf—content, though poor.
But to the tollman give your gold—
His all is lost—his lot is sore.”
Thus firmly spoke he, inly cheer'd,
Then turn'd his back, and disappear'd.

The brave man's praise in song is told
Like bell or organ's echoing tone ;
When bravery is the theme, not gold
But song rewards—nor song alone :
Thank God, who prompts the brave man's deed,
And crowns him with his heavenly need.

BURGER.

A CHRIST-CROSS RHYME.



CHRIST his Cross shall be my speed !
Teach me, Father John, to read ;
That in Church on holy-day
I may chant the Psalm, and pray.

Let me learn ; that I may know
What the shining windows show,
Where the lovely Lady stands
With that bright Child in her hands.

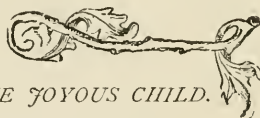
A Christ-Cross Rhyme.

Teach me letters, *A, B, C,*
Till that I shall able be
Signs to know, and words to frame,
And to spell sweet JESU's name.

Then, dear master, will I look
Day and night in that fair book,
Where the tales of Saints are told,
With their pictures all in gold.

Teach me, Father John, to say
Vesper-verse and Matin-lay,
So when I to God shall plead,
Christ his Cross will be my speed.

REV. R. S. HAWKER.



THE JOYOUS CHILD.

[T was a little joyous child
Came dancing o'er my path,
Her laughter graver thoughts beguiled—
Such boon sweet childhood hath.
Oh, who can mark their joyance bright,
Nor feel the saddened heart more light?

Yes! weary were this world of ours
Without your winsome ways,—
Songs gladdening summer's rosy bowers,
Smiles brightening wintry days;
And well your reckless faith and love
Our fruitless carefulness reprove.

Sweet child, I bless'd thee in my heart,
With earnest prayer above
To Him whose little one thou art,
To glad thee with His love;
Such gladness as thy heart may keep,
When thou hast learn'd our tears to weep.

SCENES OF CHILDHOOD.

ON SEEING A SET OF YOUTHS,

AT AN EARLY AGE, LEAVING A COLLEGE IN AMERICA TO ENTER ON
THEIR DIFFERENT PROFESSIONS IN LIFE.

LIFE is before ye ; and while now ye stand
Eager to spring upon the promised land,
Fair smiles the way, where yet your feet have trod
But few light steps upon a flowery sod.
Round ye are youth's green bowers, and to your eyes
The horizon-line joins earth to the bright skies.
Daring and triumph, pleasure, fame, and joy,
Friendship unwavering, love without alloy,
Brave thoughts of noble deeds, and glory won,
Like angels beckon ye to venture on.
And if o'er the bright scene some shadows rise,
Far off they seem—at hand the sunshine lies.
The distant clouds ! which of ye pause to fear ?
May not a brightness gild them when more near ?
Dismay and doubt ye know not, for the power
Of youth is strong within ye at this hour ;
And the great mortal conflict seems to be
Not so much strife as certain victory—
A glory ending in eternity.

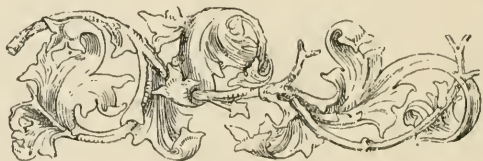
Life is before ye : oh, could ye but look
Into the secrets of that sealed book !
Strong as ye are in youth, and hope, and faith,
Ye would sink down, and falter, "Give us death."
If the dread Sphinx's lips might once unclose,
And utter but a whisper of the woes
Which overtake ye must in life's long doom,
Well might ye cry, "Our cradle be our tomb."
Could ye foresee your spirits' broken wings,
Fame's brightest triumphs what despised things,

On Youths Leaving College.

Friendship how feeble, love how fierce a flame,
Your joy half sorrow, half your glory shame,
Hollowness, weariness, and, worst of all,
Self-scorn that pities not its own deep fall,
Fast-waning brightness, and fast-gathering night ;—
Oh, could ye see it all, ye might, ye might
Cower in the dust, unequal to the strife,
And die but in beholding what is life.

Life is before ye ; from the fated road
Ye cannot turn ; then take ye up your load.
Not yours to tread or leave the unknown way,
Ye must go o'er it, meet ye what ye may.
Gird up your souls within ye to the deed,
Angels and fellow-spirits bid ye speed !
What though the brightness dim, the pleasure fade,
The glory wane—oh, not of these is made
The awful life that to your trust is given,
Children of God ! inheritors of heaven !
Mourn not the perishing of each fair toy ;
Ye were ordain'd to do, not to enjoy—
To suffer, which is nobler than to dare ;
A sacred burden is this life ye bear ;
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly ;
Stand up and walk beneath it stedfastly ;
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin ;
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win.
God guard ye, and God guide ye on your way,
Young pilgrim-warriors who set forth to-day !

MRS. BUTLER.

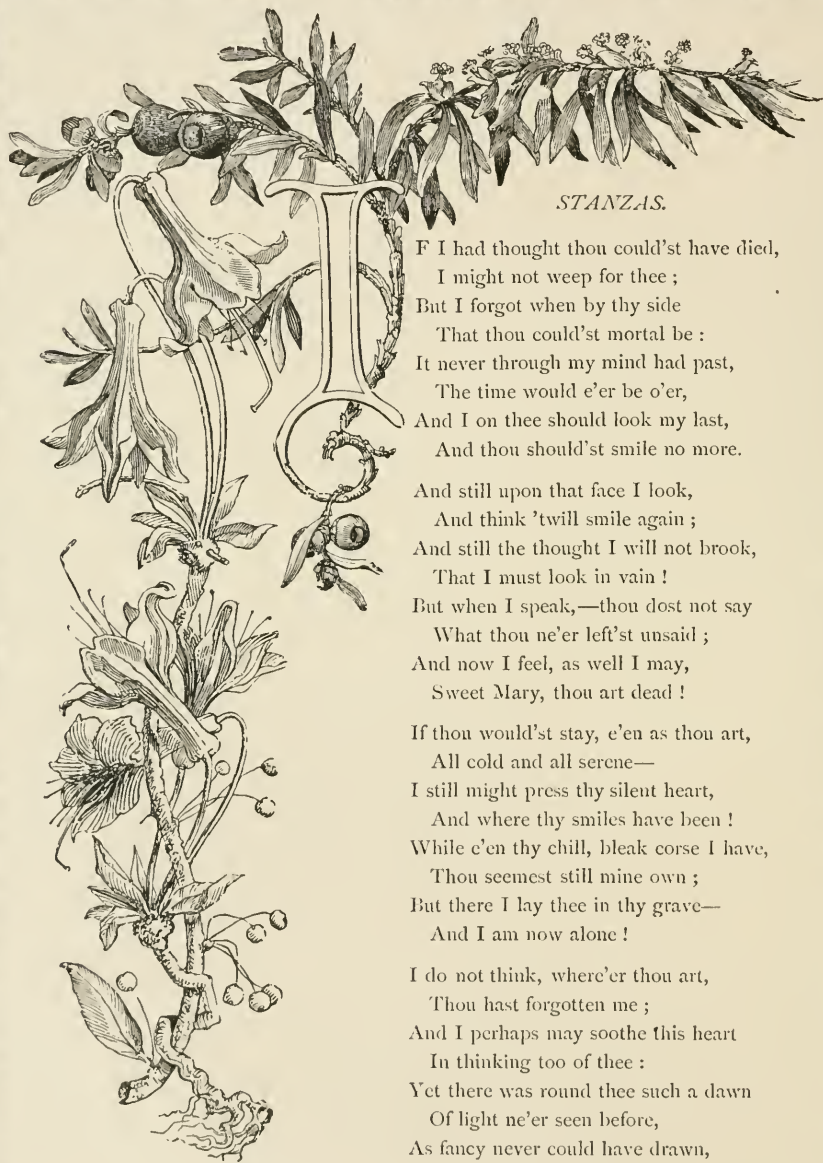


THE LOVER.

HE preferr'd me
Above the maidens of my age and rank,
Still shunn'd their company, and still sought mine.
I was not won by gifts, yet still he gave ;
And all his gifts, though small, yet spoke his love :
He pick'd the earliest strawberries in the woods,
The cluster'd filberts and the purple grapes :
He taught a prating stare to speak my name :
And when he found a nest of nightingales
Or callow linnets, he would show 'em me,
And let me take 'em out.

DRYDEN.





STANZAS.

F I had thought thou could'st have died,
I might not weep for thee ;
But I forgot when by thy side
That thou could'st mortal be :
It never through my mind had past,
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou should'st smile no more.

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again ;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain !
But when I speak,—thou dost not say
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid ;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary, thou art dead !

If thou would'st stay, e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene—
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been !
While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own ;
But there I lay thee in thy grave—
And I am now alone !

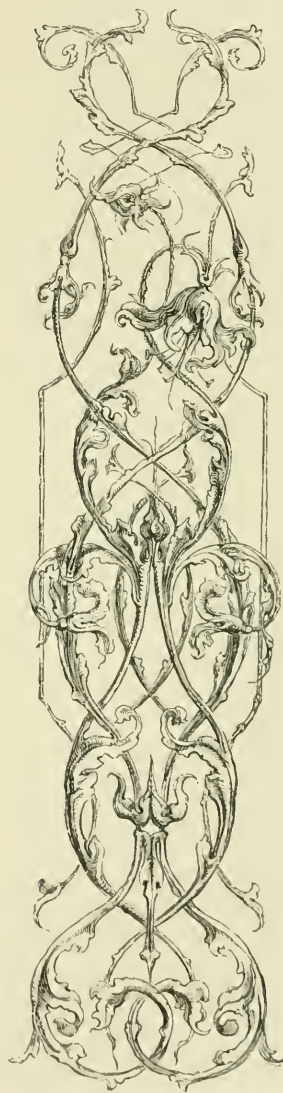
I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me ;
And I perhaps may soothe this heart
In thinking too of thee :
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore !

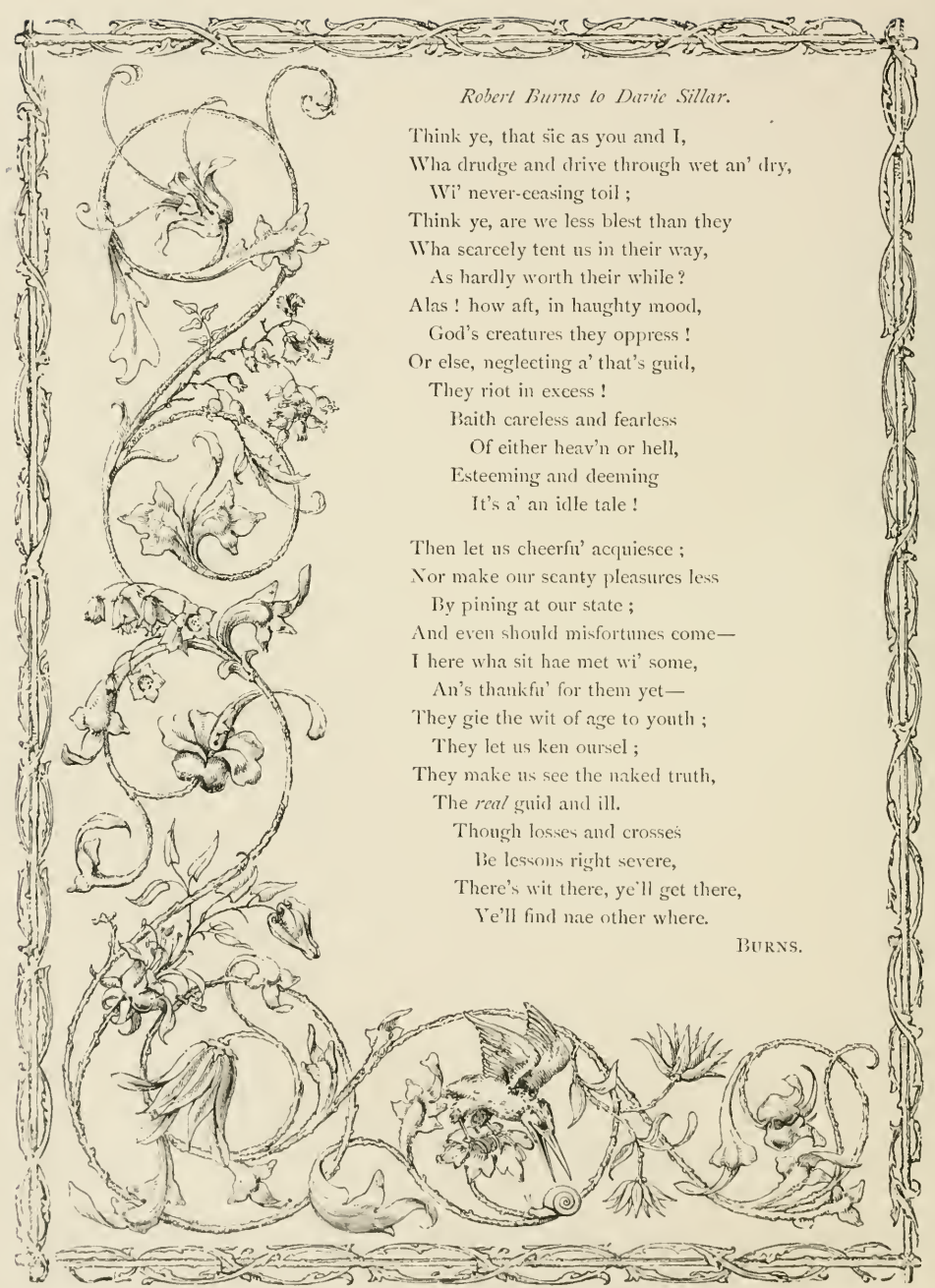
REV. C. WOLFE.

Robert Burns to Dabie Sillar.

WHAT though, like commoners of air,
We wander out we know not where,
But either house or hal' ?
Yet Nature's charms, the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales and foaming floods,
Are free alike to all.
In days when daisies deck the ground,
And blackbirds whistle clear,
With honest joy our hearts will bound
To see the coming year ;
On braes when we please, then,
We'll sit and sowth a tune ;
Syne *rhyme* till't, we'll time till't,
And sing't when we hae done.

It's no in titles nor in rank,
It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank,
To purchase peace and rest ;
It's no in makin muckle *mair* ;
It's no in books ; it's no in lear,
To make us truly blest ;
If Happiness hae not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest :
Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
Could make us happy lang ;
The *heart* ay's the part ay
That makes us right or wrang.





Robert Burns to Davie Sillar.

Think ye, that sic as you and I,
Wha drudge and drive through wet an' dry,
Wi' never-ceasing toil ;
Think ye, are we less blest than they
Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
As hardly worth their while ?
Alas ! how aft, in haughty mood,
God's creatures they oppress !
Or else, neglecting a' that's guid,
They riot in excess !
Baith careless and fearless
Of either heav'n or hell,
Esteeming and deeming
It's a' an idle tale !

Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce ;
Nor make our scanty pleasures less
By pining at our state ;
And even should misfortunes come—
I here wha sit hae met wi' some,
An's thankfu' for them yet—
They gie the wit of age to youth ;
They let us ken oursel ;
They make us see the naked truth,
The *real* guid and ill.
Though losses and crosses
Be lessons right severe,
There's wit there, ye'll get there,
Ye'll find nae other where.

BURNS.



JOHN ANDERSON.

JOHN ANDERSON my jo, John, when first we were acquent,
 Your locks were like the raven, John, your bonny brow was brent ;
 But now your brow is bald, John, your locks are like the snow ;
 But blessings on your frosty pow, John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John, we clamb the hill thegither,
 And mony a canty day, John, we've had wi' ane anither ;
 Now we mann totter down, John, but hand in hand we'll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot, John Anderson my jo.

BURNS.



*THE EMIGRANT HIGHLANDER'S
WIFE.*

O! turn thee, Donald! turn and view
The valley we are leaving;
Nor chide the sigh that, though with you
She goes, thy love is heaving.

Say, could'st thou look for constant truth
Within that bosom dwelling,
Could leave the scenes endear'd by youth
With no fond passion swelling?

Behold yon far-off wreaths of smoke,
And mark the distant shealing,
'Twas there that first my Donald spoke
His heart's impassion'd feeling.

Lo, yonder burn that breaks its way
'Mid banks of blooming heather!
How short has seem'd the summer day
We there have spent together!

I go with thee—yet chide not, love,
The tear of tender sorrow;
Content its matchless force to prove
O'er vanquish'd fear to-morrow:

The foot that quits its native glen
With half unwilling motion,
Shall mount with dauntless courage then
The bark that braves the ocean.

J. M.

Bessy and her Spinning-Wheel.

LEEZE me on my spinning-wheel,
O, leeze me on my rock and reel ;
Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,
And haps me fiel and warm at e'en !
I'll set me down and sing and spin,
While laigh descends the simmer sun,
Blest wi' content, and milk and meal—
O, leeze me on my spinning-wheel !

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
And meet below my theekit cot ;
The scented birk and hawthorn white
Across the pool their arms unite,
Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
And little fishes' caller rest ;
The sun blinks kindly in the biel',
Where blithe I turn my spinning-wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
And echo cons the doolfu' tale ;
The lintwhites in the hazel-braes,
Delighted, rival ither's lays :
The craik amang the clover hay,
The patrick whirrin' o'er the ley,
The swallow jinkin' round my shiel,
Amuse me at my spinning-wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
Aboon distress, below envy ;
O, wha wad leave this humble state
For a' the pride of a' the great ?
Amid their flaring, idle toys,
Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
Can they the peace and pleasure feel
Of Bessy at her spinning-wheel ?

BURNS.

*THE OLD CAP;
OR, TIME'S ALTERATION.*

WHEN this old cap was new,
'Tis since two hundred year,
No malice then we knew,
But all things plenty were :

All friendship now decays
(Believe me, this is true),
Which was not in those days
When this old cap was new.

The nobles of our land
Were much delighted then
To have at their command
A crew of lusty men,

Which by their coats were known,
Of tawny, red, or blue,
With crests on their sleeves shown,
When this old cap was new.

Now pride hath banish'd all,
Unto our land's reproach,
When he whose means are small
Maintains both horse and coach ;]

Instead of a hundred men,
The coach allows but two ;
This was not thought on then,
When this old cap was new.

Good hospitality
Was cherish'd then of many ;
Now poor men starve and die,
And are not help'd by any ;

For charity waxeth cold,
And love is found in few :
This was not in time of old,
When this old cap was new.

Wherever you travell'd then,
You might meet on the way
Brave knights and gentlemen,
Clad in their country grey,

That courteous would appear,
And kindly welcome you :
No puritans then were,
When this old cap was new.

Our ladies, in those days,
In civil habit went ;
Broad cloth was then worth praise,
And gave the best content ;

French fashions then were scorn'd ;
Fond fangles then none knew ;
Then modesty women adorn'd,
When this old cap was new.

The Old Cap.

The Holly-tree was poll'd
At Christmas for each hall ;
There was fire to curb the cold,
And meat for great and small :

The neighbours were friendly bidden,
And all had welcome true ;
The poor from the gates were not chidden
When this old cap was new.

Black jacks to every man
Were fill'd with wine and beer ;
No pewter pot nor can
Did in those days appear.

Good cheer in a nobleman's house
Was counted a seemly show ;
We wanted no brawn nor souse,
When this old cap was new.

We took not such delight
In cups of silver fine ;
None under degree of a knight
In plate drank beer or wine.

Now each mechanical man
Hath a cupboard of plate for show ;
Which was a rare thing then,
When this old cap was new.

God save our gracious king,
Oh, send him long to live !
And mischief on them bring
That will not their alms give ;

But seek to rob the poor
Of that which is their due :
This was not in the time of yore,
When this old cap was new.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

LADY & MARY



I.

THOU wert fair, Lady Mary,
As the lily in the sun;
And fairer yet thou mightest be—
Thy youth was but begun :
Thine eye was soft and glancing,
Of the deep bright blue ;
And on the heart thy gentle words
Fell lighter than the dew.

II.

They found thee, Lady Mary,
With thy palms upon thy breast ;
Even as thou hadst been praying
At thine hour of rest :



Ladye Marie.

The cold pale moon was shining
On thy cold pale cheek ;
And the morn of the Nativity
Had just begun to break.

III.

They carved thee, Lady Mary,
All of pure white stone,
With thy palms upon thy breast,
In the chancel all alone :
And I saw thee when the winter
moon
Shone on thy marble cheek ;
When the morn of the Nativity
Had just begun to break.

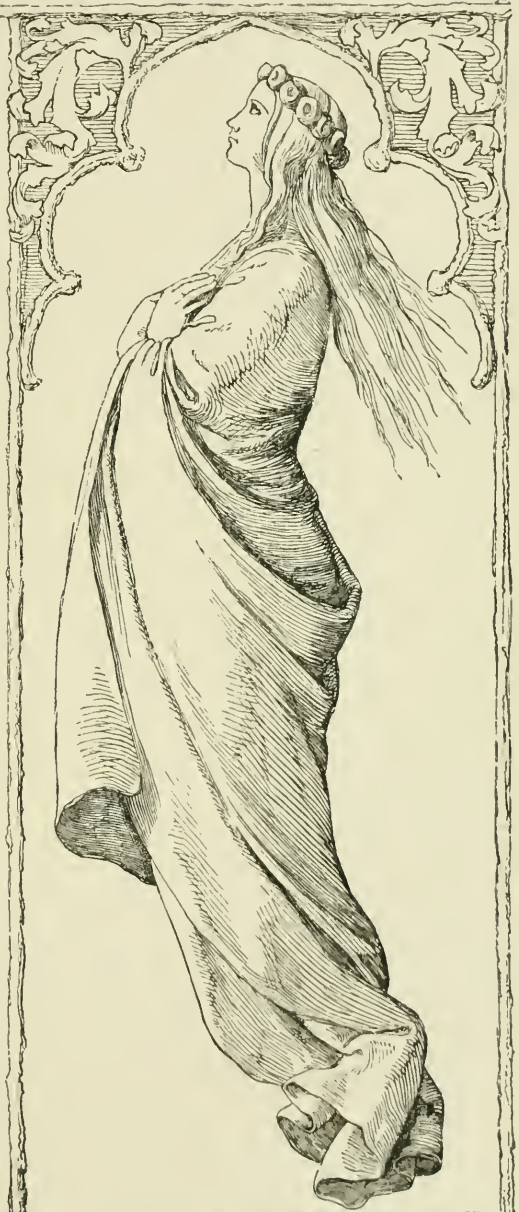
IV.

But thou kneelest, Lady Mary,
With thy palms upon thy breast,
Among the perfect spirits,
In the land of rest :
Thou art even as they took thee,
At thine hour of prayer,
Save the glory that is on thee
From the sun that shineth there.

V.

We shall see thee, Lady Mary,
On that shore unknown,
A pure and happy angel
In the presence of the throne ;
We shall see thee when the light
divine
Plays freshly on thy cheek,
And the Resurrection morning
Hath just begun to break.

REV. II. ALFORD.



ON SCARING SOME WATER-FOWL.

WHY, ye tenants of the lake,
For me your wat'ry haunt forsake?

Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
At my presence thus you fly?
Why disturb your social joys,
Parent, filial, kindred ties?
Common friend to you and me,
Nature's gifts to all are free:
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
Busy feed, or wanton lave;
Or, beneath the shelt'ring rock,
Bide the surging billows' shock.

Conscious blushing for our race,
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace.
Man, your proud usurping foe,
Would be lord of all below;
Plumes himself in freedom's pride,
Tyrant stern to all beside.

The eagle from the cliffy brow,
Marking you his prey below,

In his breast no pity dwells,
Strong necessity compels.
But man, to whom alone is given
A ray direct from pitying Heaven,
Glories in his heart humane,
And creatures for his pleasure slain.

In these savage liquid plains,
Only known to wand'ring swains,
Where the mossy riv'let strays,
Far from human haunts and ways;
All on nature you depend,
And life's poor season peaceful spend.

Or, if man's superior might
Dare invade your native right,
On the lofty ether borne,
Man with all his powers you scorn,
Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
Other lakes and other springs;
And the foe you cannot brave,
Scorn at least to be his slave.

BURNS.



NATURE & ART.

"MAN goeth forth" with reckless trust
Upon his wealth of mind,
As if in self a thing of dust
Creative skill might find ;
He schemes and toils; stone, wood, and ore,
Subject or weapon of his power.

By arch and spire, by tower-girt heights,
He would his boast fulfil ;
By marble births, and mimic lights,—
Yet lacks one secret still :
Where is the master-hand shall give
To breathe, to move, to speak, to live ?

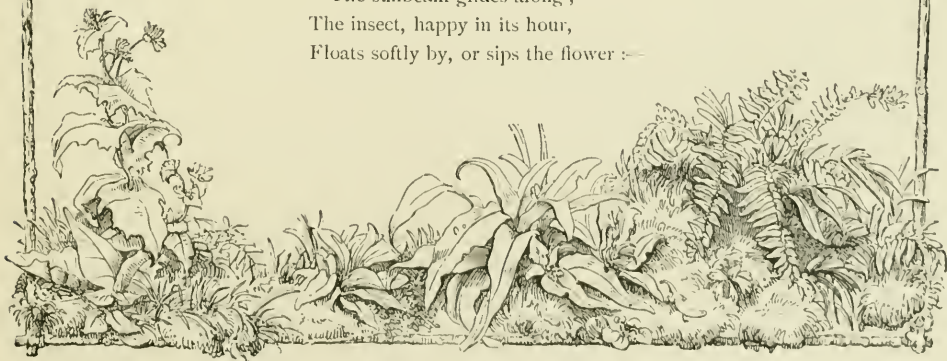
Oh, take away this shade of might,
The puny toil of man,
And let rich Nature in my sight
Unfold her varied plan ;
I cannot bear those sullen walls,
Those eyeless towers, those tongueless halls.

Art's laboured toys of highest name
Are nerveless, cold, and dumb ;
And man is fitted but to frame
A coffin or a tomb ;
Well suit, when sense is pass'd away,
Such lifeless works the lifeless clay.

Here let me sit, where wooded hills
Skirt yon far-reaching plain ;
While cattle bank its winding rills,
And suns embrown its grain :
Such prospect is to me right dear,
For freedom, health, and joy are here.

There is a spirit ranging through
The earth, the stream, the air ;
Ten thousand shapes, garbs ever new,
That restless One doth wear ;
In colour, scent, and taste, and sound,
The energy of life is found.

The leaves are rustling in the breeze,
The bird chants forth her song ;
From field to brook, o'er heath, o'er trees,
The sunbeam glides along ;
The insect, happy in its hour,
Floats softly by, or sips the flower :—



Nature and Art.

Now dewy rain descends, and now
Brisk showers the welkin'shroud ;
I care not, though with angry brow
Frowns the red thunder-cloud ;
Let hail-storm pelt, and lightning harm,
'Tis Nature's work, and has its charm.

Ah ! lovely Nature, others dwell
Full favour'd in thy court ;
I of thy smiles but hear them tell,
And feed on their report ;
Catching what glimpse an Ulcombe yields
To strangers loitering in her fields.

I go where form has ne'er unbent
The sameness of its sway ;
Where iron rule, stern precedent,
Mistreat the graceful day ;
To pine as prisoner in his cell,
And yet be thought to love it well.

Yet so His high dispose has set,
Who binds on each his part ;
Though absent, I may cherish yet
An Ulcombe of the heart ;
Calm verdant hope divinely given,
The suns of peace and scenes of heaven ;

A soul prepared His will to meet,
Full fix'd His work to do,
Not labour'd into sudden heat,
But inly born anew.
So living Nature, not dull Art,
Shall plan my ways and rule my heart.

CHURCH POETRY.





THE MOURNER.

MES ! there are real mourners : I have seen
 A fair, sad girl, mild, suffering, and serene ;
 Attention (through the day) her duties claim'd,
 And to be useful as resign'd she aim'd :
 Neatly she dress'd, nor vainly seem'd t' expect
 Pity for grief, or pardon for neglect ;
 But when her wearied parents sunk to sleep,
 She sought her place to meditate and weep :
 Then to her mind was all the past display'd,
 That faithful memory brings to sorrow's aid ;
 For then she thought on one regretted youth,
 Her tender trust, and his unquestn'd truth ;
 In every place she wander'd where they'd been,
 And sadly sacred held the parting scene ;
 Where last for sea he took his leave—that place
 With double interest would she nightly trace ;

The Mourner.



For long the courtship was, and he would say,
Each time he sail'd,—“This once, and then the day.”
Yet prudence tarried; but when last he went,
He drew from pitying love a full consent.
Happy he sail'd; and great the care she took
That he should softly sleep, and smartly look :
White was his better linen, and his cheek
Was made more trim than any on the deck ;
And every comfort men at sea can know
Was hers to buy, to make, and to bestow :
For he to Greenland sail'd, and much she told,
How he should guard against the climate's cold ;
Yet saw not danger ; dangers he'd withstood,
Nor could she trace the fever in his blood :
His messmates smiled at flushings in his cheek,
And he too smiled, but seldom would he speak ;
For now he found the danger, felt the pain,
With grievous symptoms he could not explain ;
Hope was awaken'd, as for home he sail'd,
But quickly sank, and never more prevail'd.

He call'd his friend, and prefaced with a sigh
A lover's message :—“Thomas, I must die :
Would I could see my Sally, and could rest
My throbbing temples on her faithful breast,
And gazing go !—if not, this trifle take,
And say till death I wore it for her sake ;
Yes ! I must die—blow on, sweet breeze, blow on !
Give me one look before my life be gone,
Oh ! give me that, and let me not despair,
One last fond look—and now repeat the prayer.”

He had his wish, had more. I will not paint
The lovers' meeting : she beheld him faint,—
With tender fears she took a nearer view,
Her terrors doubling as her hopes withdrew ;
He tried to smile, and, half succeeding, said,
“Yes, I must die;” and hope for ever fled.

Still long she nursed him : tender thoughts meantime
Were interchanged, and hopes and views sublime.
To her he came to die, and every day
She took some portion of the dread away ;

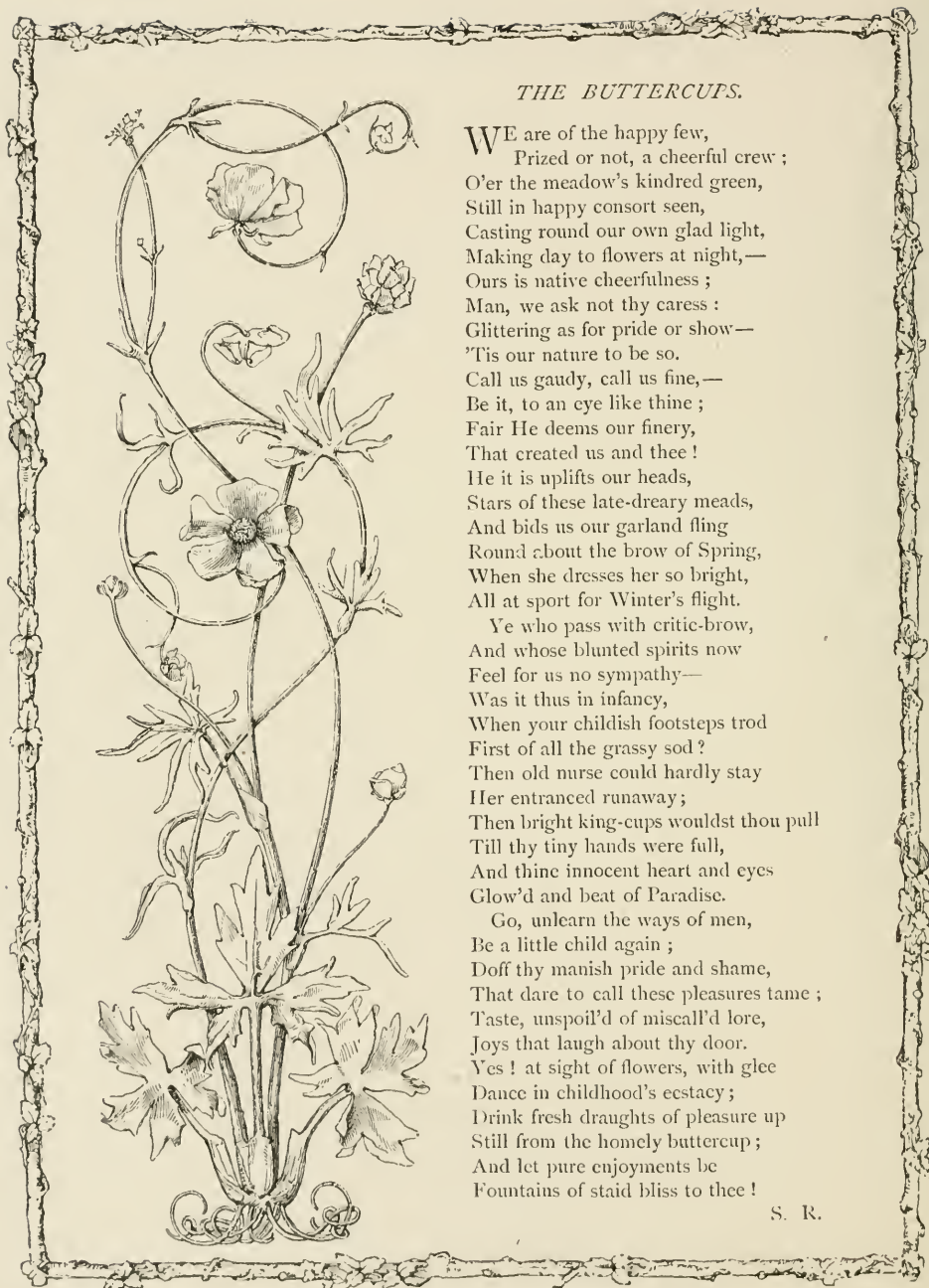
With him she pray'd, to him his Bible read,
Soothed the faint heart, and held the aching head :
She came with smiles the hour of pain to cheer ;
Apart she sigh'd ; alone, she shed the tear ;
Then, as if breaking from a cloud, she gave
Fresh light, and gilt the prospect of the grave.

The Mourner.

One day he lighter seem'd, and they forgot
The care, the dread, the anguish of their lot ;
They spoke with cheerfulness, and seem'd to think,
Yet said not so—"Perhaps he will not sink :"
A sudden brightness in his look appear'd,
A sudden vigour in his voice was heard ;
She had been reading in the Book of Prayer,
And led him forth, and placed him in his chair ;
Lively he seem'd, and spoke of all he knew,
The friendly many, and the favourite few ;
Not one that day did he to mind recall
But she has treasured, and she loves them all ;
When in her way she meets them, they appear
Peculiar people—death has made them dear.
He named his friend, but then his hand she press'd,
And fondly whisper'd, "Thou must go to rest !"
"I go," he said ; but as he spoke she found
His hand more cold, and fluttering was the sound !
Then gazed affrighten'd ; but she caught a last,
A dying look of love,—and all was past !

CRABBE.





THE BUTTERCUPS.

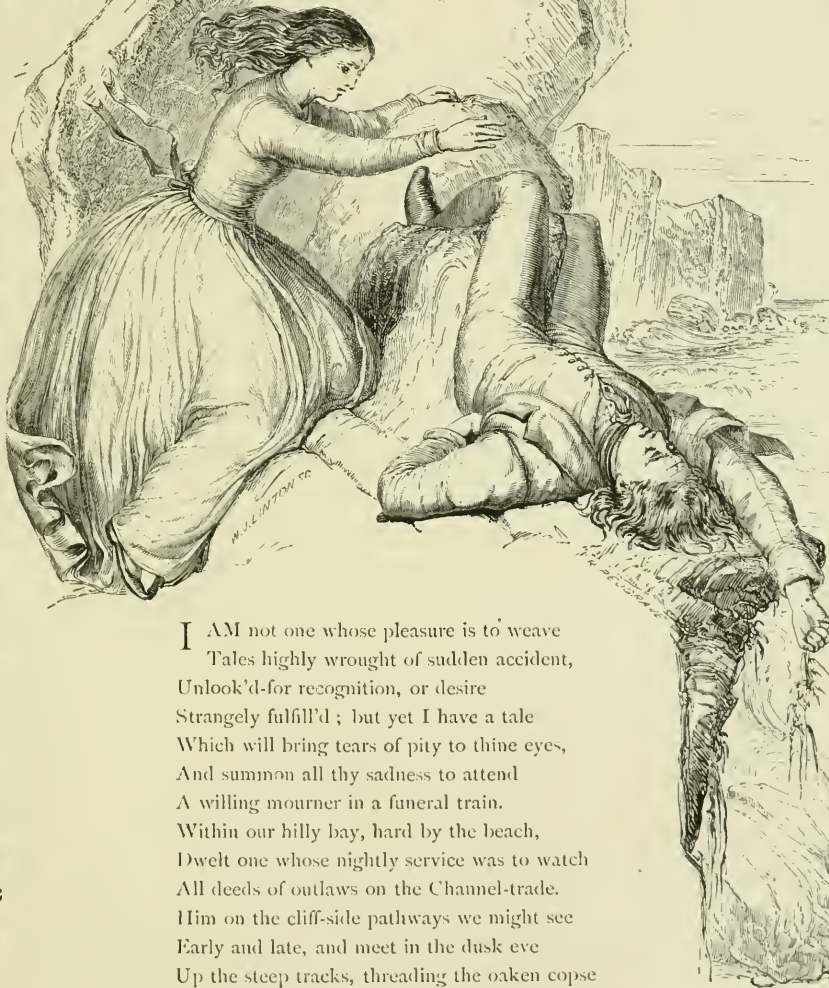
WE are of the happy few,
Prized or not, a cheerful crew ;
O'er the meadow's kindred green,
Still in happy consort seen,
Casting round our own glad light,
Making day to flowers at night,—
Ours is native cheerfulness ;
Man, we ask not thy caress :
Glittering as for pride or show—
'Tis our nature to be so.
Call us gaudy, call us fine,—
Be it, to an eye like thine ;
Fair He deems our finery,
That created us and thee !
He it is uplifts our heads,
Stars of these late-dreary meads,
And bids us our garland fling
Round about the brow of Spring,
When she dresses her so bright,
All at sport for Winter's flight.

Ye who pass with critic-brow,
And whose blunted spirits now
Feel for us no sympathy—
Was it thus in infancy,
When your childish footsteps trod
First of all the grassy sod ?
Then old nurse could hardly stay
Her entranced runaway ;
Then bright king-cups wouldst thou pull
Till thy tiny hands were full,
And thine innocent heart and eyes
Glow'd and beat of Paradise.

Go, unlearn the ways of men,
Be a little child again ;
Doff thy manish pride and shame,
That dare to call these pleasures tame ;
Taste, unspoil'd of miscall'd lore,
Joys that laugh about thy door.
Yes ! at sight of flowers, with glee
Dance in childhood's ecstasy ;
Drink fresh draughts of pleasure up
Still from the homely buttercup ;
And let pure enjoyments be
Fountains of staid bliss to thee !

S. R.

A TALE of the COAST-GUARD



I AM not one whose pleasure is to weave
 Tales highly wrought of sudden accident,
 Unlook'd-for recognition, or desire
 Strangely fulfill'd ; but yet I have a tale
 Which will bring tears of pity to thine eyes,
 And summon all thy sadness to attend
 A willing mourner in a funeral train.
 Within our hilly bay, hard by the beach,
 Dwelt one whose nightly service was to watch
 All deeds of outlaws on the Channel-trade.
 Him on the cliff-side pathways we might see
 Early and late, and meet in the dusk eve
 Up the steep tracks, threading the oaken copse
 That delves into the sea. One summer morn,

The Coast Guard.

When the bright sun look'd down upon the earth
Without a cloud, and all along the shore
Twinkled the restless sparkles, he rode by,
And passing, offer'd salutation gay,
As one who in the beauty and the warmth
Of the most blessèd morning bore a part.
That day we wander'd, my dear friend and I,
Far off along the hills, up perilous paths,
Gathering the rock-plants, or with hollow'd hand
Scooping the streams that trickled down the dells:
Till from a peak we saw the fiery sun
Sink down into the sea, and twilight fell;
And ere we reach'd our cot, the distant lights
Shone from the Cambrian coast, and from the isle
Unseen in the mid-channel. From his cot
There look'd into the bosom of the bay
A steady light; and when we reach'd our home,
We slept, and thought not of him. In the morn
Rumour was busy; and her minister,
Our bustling hostess, told how all the night
His anxious bride (for one short month ago
They gave their troths) had watch'd for his return;
How there came by a stranger with his horse,
Who answer'd not, when breathless she inquired
Where he was left, and why. Many with search,
Hopeless and wearisome, toil'd all the day;
And when the evening came, upon the beach,
Below that awful steep where winds the road
Cut in the mountain-side above the sea,
They found a cold and melancholy corpse,
With outstretch'd arms and strangely-gather'd limbs,
Like one who died in sudden and sharp pain,
And deeply gashed on either side the brow,
The gaping death-marks of a cruel fall.
Thou wouldst have wept to see her as she pass'd

The Coast Guard.

To snatch her scanty comfort of a look,
And then to see him, warm but now, and gay,
And full of soft endearments, hidden deep
In the cold ground :—it was a blank still face,
But bearing trace of tears, and ashy pale,
Stiffen'd to stone by strong and sudden grief.
Her little stock of hopes, just anchor'd safe
In a calm port, were sent adrift again
Upon the howling wintry sea of life :
And she is fain to gather up afresh
The cast-off weeds of past prosperity,
And deck her as she may. But a sad rent
Hath sorrow made in her; nor can she now
Knit up her ravell'd hopes, nor summon heart
To enter on life's journey all alone,
A new and weary way. But time will come
When memory of her woe shall be to her
A sweet companion. Sorrow shall have past
Into her being, and have chasten'd well
The lawless risings of unquiet thought.

REV. H. ALFORD.



HYPERICUM PULCHRUM:

ST. JOHN'S WORT.

ON Winter's breast of frost and snow
The diamond icicle doth glow;
On mountain crag and barren steep
Light's softest hues at evening sleep;
And music's voice doth ever pour
Most sweetly through the midnight hour.
No marvel, then, if thou, bright child,
Art found upon the sunburnt wild;

St. John's Wort.



If bare and rugged is the home
Thou call'st thine own, *Hypericum*.

On yonder heath, by duty led,
I yearly mark thy peering head,
With saffron flowerets wreathed around,
And orange anthers lightly crown'd,
Dressing that tall and graceful stem
With Summer's prettiest diadem.

The vagrant sheep goes browsing by,
Nor turns to thee her glazed eye ;
Lull'd by that charm'd still-tinkling bell,
It moves her not with thee to dwell.
That shepherd boy, with vacant stare,
Knows not that thou, dear flower, art there ;
But stretch'd by thee all day doth sleep
No happier for thee than his sheep.
The truant bee and butterfly
Sail by thee all too rapidly ;
And dream not of so rich a spoil
On such a scentless, turfless soil.

The loveliest things beneath the sky
Full often, where we dream not, lie,
Casting a marvellous lustre where
All else in truth is dark and bare.
Retired from rude and common gaze,
How many pass most blissful days,
Enjoying calmly and apart
The constant feast of their own heart ;
Too happy for a wandering thought,
Too lowly to be known or sought !

Hence, disappointed men, it is,
Ye judge of this world much amiss ;
And censure all, as if there were
Naught in it thoroughly good or fair :
For proud ye scan the waste, and lower,
O'erlooking many a modest flower ;
And quite unheeding where are some
Blooming like this *hypericum* ;
Where, would ye seek, ye oft might find
The very gems of human kind.

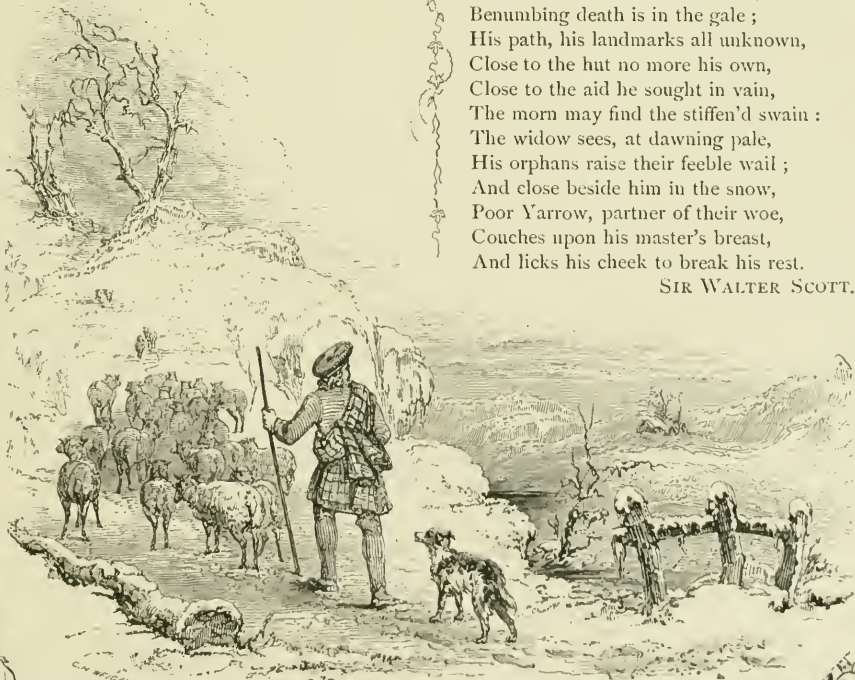
S. R.

THE HIGHLAND SHEPHERD.

WHEN red hath set the beamless sun
Through heavy vapours dark and dun;
When the tired ploughman, dry and warm,
Hears, half asleep, the rising storm
Hurling the hail and sleeted rain
Against the casement's tinkling pane;
The sounds that drive wild deer and fox
To shelter in the brake and rocks,
Are warnings which the shepherd ask
To dismal and to dangerous task.
Oft he looks forth and hopes in vain
The blast may sink in mellowing rain;
Till dark above, and white below,
Decided drives the flaky snow,
And forth the hardy swain must go.

Long, with dejected look and whine,
To leave the hearth his dogs repine;
Whistling and cheering them to aid,
Around his back he wreathes the plaid:
His flock he gathers and he guides
To open downs and mountain-sides,
Where fiercest though the tempest blow,
Less deeply lies the drift below.
The blast that whistles o'er the fells
Stiffens his locks to icicles;
Oft he looks back, while, streaming far,
His cottage window seems a star;
Loses its feeble gleam, and then
Turns patient to the blast again,
And facing to the tempest's sweep,
Drives through the gloom his lagging sheep.
If fails his heart, if his limbs fail,
Benumbing death is in the gale;
His path, his landmarks all unknown,
Close to the hut no more his own,
Close to the aid he sought in vain,
The morn may find the stiffen'd swain:
The widow sees, at dawning pale,
His orphans raise their feeble wail;
And close beside him in the snow,
Poor Yarrow, partner of their woe,
Couches upon his master's breast,
And licks his cheek to break his rest.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.





On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture

OUT OF NORFOLK.

O THAT those lips had language ! Life has pass'd
 With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
 Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I sec,
 The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
 Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
 “Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away !”
 The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
 (Bless'd by the art that can immortalise,—
 The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
 To quench it) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
 O welcome guest, though unexpected here !
 Who bidd'st me honour with an artless song,
 Affectionate, a mother lost so long ;
 I will obey, not willingly alone,
 But gladly, as the precept were her own.

My Mother's Picture.

And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief ;
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream that thou art she.

My mother! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun ?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss ;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss —
Ah, that maternal smile ! It answers—Yes.
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial-day ;
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery-window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !
But was it such?—It was. Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more.
Thy maidens grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wish'd I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived,
By expectation every day beguiled ;
Dupe of to-morrow, even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learn'd at last submission to my lot ;
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery-floor ;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble-coach, and wrapp'd
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap ;
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we call'd the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession ! but the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,



My Mother's Picture.



Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid ;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit or confectionary plum ;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd :
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks
That humour interposed too often makes ;—
All this, still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may ;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorn'd in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,—
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,—
I prick'd them into paper with a pin
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile) ;
Could those few pleasant days again appear—
Might one wish bring them—would I wish them here ?
I would not trust my heart ; the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might ;
Eut no,—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weather'd, and the ocean cross'd)
Shoots into port at some well-haven'd isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile ;
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
Where airs imprégnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay :

My Mother's Picture.

So thou, with sails how swift ! hast reach'd the shore
Where tempests never beat nor billows roar,
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life long since has anchor'd by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain the rest,
Always from port withheld, always distress'd,—
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-toss'd,
Sails ripp'd, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
Yet, oh, the thought that thou art safe, and he !
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth ;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents pass'd into the skies.
And now, farewell ! Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done.
By Contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem'd t' have lived my childhood o'er again ;
To have renew'd the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine ;
And while the wings of Fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

COWPER.



ON LEAVING MEOPHAM.



SWIFTLY, though silently, the foot of Time
Falls on its path ; and ere it treads again
Some few brief circles more, the happy clime,
Our little empire, and our childhood's reign,
May pass unheeded to another hand,
And stranger steps profane our father's land.

My infant thought, the wish which earliest grew,
As if instinctive on my boyish heart ;
The dream my youth, the hope my manhood knew, —
Ah ! who from these without a tear can part ?
Sadly I turn away my lingering eyes,
Before the enchanted land for ever flies.

The boughs with golden-sprinkled apples bright,
Fairer to us than those which Hesper bore ;
The bashful clematis, whose virgin white
Veil'd with its cluster'd hair our eastern door ;
The garden's prickly rampart, and behind
The cottage-front with honeysuckles twined !

The antique yew, trimm'd into quaint alcove,
The churchyard elm-row's venerable pride ;
The poplar, giant of our humble grove,
Sure landmark in our voyagings and guide ;
The gravell'd bank, where still I seem to lie,
Bedew'd with morning dreams of poesy.

Oh, were ye mine ! But now another sways,
Who little recks your consecrated pale,
Hears not sweet voices of departed days,
Nor peoples with remember'd joys your vale.
Oh, were ye mine ! but He who best decides,
Spreads all the world before, and only Eden hides.

REV. E. SMEDLEY.

The Village Stile

THE village stile—and has it gone,
Supplanted by this niche of stone,
So formal and so new?
And worse, still worse, the elder-bush,
Where sang the linnet and the thrush,
Say, has that vanished too?

Dear, ancient friend! it was to me
So needful to the scenery,

The Village Stile.

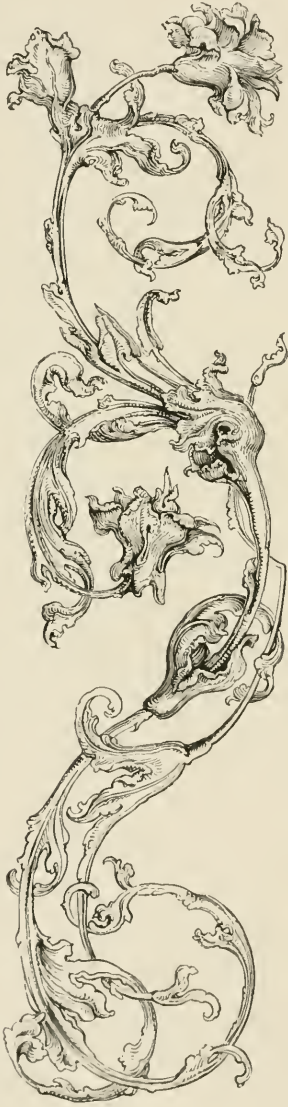
"I could have better spared
A better *thing*;"—but be it so ;
Change meets us wheresoe'er we go—
It fares as all have fared.

Old chronicler ! to me it spoke
Like oracle from ancient oak,
Save only that its tone
(Unskilled the future to forecast)
Upon the present or the past
Dwelt ever and anon.

'Twas thronged with memories of old—
Yea, many a scene it could unfold
To truth and fancy dear ;
For not the thorn upon the green
More frequent confidant had been
Of tales they love to hear.

Age sat upon 't when tired of straying ;
And children, that had been a-maying,
There twined their garlands gay :
What tender partings, blissful meetings—
What faint denials, fond entreatings,
It witnessed in its day !

The milkmaid on its friendly rail
Would oftentimes rest her brimful pail ;
And lingering there awhile,
Some lucky chance (that tell-tale cheek
Doth something more than chance bespeak)
Brings Lubin to the stile.



The Village Stile.

But what he said, or she replied,—
Whether he asked her for his bride,
And she, so sought, was won,—
There is no chronicler to tell ;
For silent is the oracle—
The village stile is gone.

ANON.





THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

LOOK forth, once more, with soften'd heart,
Ere from the field of fame we part ;
Triumph and sorrow border near,
And joy oft melts into a tear.
Alas ! what links of love that morn
Has war's rude hand asunder torn !
For ne'er was field so sternly fought,
And ne'er was conquest dearer bought.
Here, piled in common slaughter, sleep
Those whom affection long shall weep ;
Here rests the sire that ne'er shall strain
His orphans to his heart again ;
The son whom on his native shore
The parent's voice shall bless no more ;
The bridegroom who has hardly press'd
His blushing consort to his breast ;
The husband, whom through many a year
Long love and mutual faith endear :
Thou canst not name one tender tie
But here dissolved its relics lie !
Oh, when thou seest some mourner's veil
Shroud her thin form and visage pale,
Or mark'st the matron's bursting tears
Stream when the striking drum she hears,
Or seest how manlier grief suppress'd
Is labouring in a father's breast,—
With no inquiry vain pursue
The cause, but think on Waterloo !

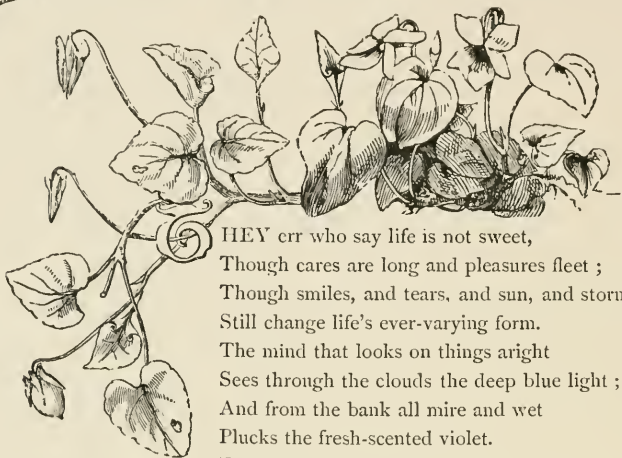
Period of honour as of woes,
What bright careers 'twas thine to close—
Mark'd on thy roll of blood, what names
To Briton's memory and to Fame's
Laid there their last immortal claims !
Thou saw'st in seas of gore expire
Redoubt'd Picton's soul of fire,—
Saw'st in the mingled carnage lie
All that of Ponsonby could die,—
De Lancy change love's bridal-wreath
For laurels from the hand of death,—

The Field of Waterloo.

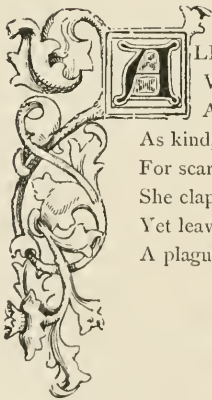
Saw'st gallant Miller's failing eye
Still be it where Albion's banners fly ;
And Cameron, in the shock of steel,
Die like the offspring of Lochiel ;
And generous Gordon, 'mid the strife,
Fall while he watch'd his leader's life,—
Ah ! though her guardian angel's shield
Fenced Britain's hero through the field,
Fate not the less her power made known,
Through his friends' hearts to pierce his own !
Forgive, brave dead, the imperfect lay !
Who may your names, your numbers say ?
What high-strung harp, what lofty line,
To each the dear-earn'd praise assign,
From high-born chiefs of martial fame
To the poor soldier's lowlier name ?
Lightly ye rose that dawning day
From your cold couch of swamp and clay,
To fill, before the sun was low,
The bed that morning cannot know.
Oft may the tear the green sod steep,
And sacred be the heroes' sleep
Till time shall cease to run ;
And ne'er beside their noble grave
May Briton pass and fail to crave
A blessing on the fallen brave
Who fought with Wellington !—
Thou, too, whose deeds of fame renew'd
Bankrupt a nation's gratitude,
To thine own noble heart must owe
More than the meed she can bestow.
For not a people's just acclaim,
Not the full hail of Europe's fame,
Thy prince's smiles, thy state's decree,
The ducal rank, the garter'd knee—
Not these such pure delight afford
As that, when hanging up thy sword,
Well mayst thou think, "This honest steel
Was ever drawn for public weal ;
And, such was rightful Heaven's decree,
Ne'er sheathed unless with victory !"

SIR WALTER SCOTT.





HEY err who say life is not sweet,
Though cares are long and pleasures fleet ;
Though smiles, and tears, and sun, and storm,
Still change life's ever-varying form.
The mind that looks on things aright
Sees through the clouds the deep blue light ;
And from the bank all mire and wet
Plucks the fresh-scented violet.
Each thing is beauteous in its time :
And this is not our native clime,
But sweet enough for those who roam,
And take the path which leads them home.



ALL pleasure is a painful thing ;
Who taste the sweet must bear the sting.
Alas ! too like the wingèd bee,
As kind, as quarrelsome as she ;
For scarce is honied pleasure known,
She claps her wings and off is flown ;
Yet leaves the syren, ere she part,
A plague long festering in the heart.



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